

LOVE makes a MAN:

OR,

642.6 29

*The FOP's Fortune.*²

A

COMEDY.

Acted at the

Theatre Royal in *Drury-Lane,*

BY

Her MAJESTY's Servants.

By C. CIBBER.

Sed dum tollit Comædia Vocem. Hor.

L O N D O N,

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PROLOGUE

SINCE Plays are but a Kind of publick Feasts,
 Where Tiskers only make the welcome Guests;
 Methinks, instead of Grace, we should prepare
 Your Tastes in Prologue, with your Bill of Fare.
 When you foreknow each Course, tho' this may tease you
 'Tis five to one, but one o'th' five may please you.
 First, for you Criticks, we've your darling Chear,
 Faults without Number, more than Sense can bear;
 You're certain to be pleas'd where Errors are.
 From your Displeasure, I dare vouch we're safe;
 You never frown, but where your Neighbours laugh.
 Now, you that never know what Spleen or Hate is,
 Who for an Act or two, are welcome gratis, (Satis;
 That tip the Wink, and so sneak out with nunquam
 For your smart Tastes, we've toss'd you up a Fop,
 We hope the newest that's of late come up;
 The Fool, Beau, Wit, and Rake, so mix'd he carries,
 He seems a Ragon, piping hot from Paris.
 But for the softer Sex, whom most we'd move,
 We've what the Fair and Chaste were form'd for, Love
 An artless Passion, fraught with Hopes and Fears,
 And nearest happy, when it most despairs.
 For Masks, we've Scandal, and for Beaus, French Aits,
 To please all Tastes, we'll do the best we can;
 For the Galleries, we've Dicky and Will. Penkethman
 Now, Sirs, you're welcome, and you know your Fare;
 But pray, in Charity, the Founder spare,
 Lest you destroy at once the Poet and the Player.

EPILOGUE

THE EPILOGUE.

AN Epilogue's a Tax on Authors laid,
 And full as much unwillingly is paid.
 Good Lines, I grant, are little worth, but yet
 It has been always easier rais'd, than Wit.
 I fear we'd made but very poor Campaigns,
 And Funds been lev'd from the grumbling Brains:
 Aside, to what poor Purpose should we plead,
 When you have once resolv'd a Play shall bleed?
 Then again, a Wretch, in any Case,
 Can Leave to say why Sentence should not pass.
 But, let your Censure from pure Judgment flow,
 And mix with that, some Grains of Mercy too;
 Some your Praise like wanton Lovers you bestow.
 Have you known a Woman plainly fair,
 First scarce worth your two Days Pains or Care,
 Without a Charm, but being young and new:
 You thought five Guineas far beyond her Due.)
 When pursu'd by some gay leading Lover,
 In ev'ry Day her Eyes new Charms discover;
 At the last, by Crowds of Beaus admir'd,
 Has rais'd her Price, to what her Heart desir'd,
 In Gowns and Petticoats, which her Airs requir'd.
 Miss, and Poet too, when once cry'd up,
 Have their Reputation at the Top;
 And know, that while the liking Fit has seiz'd you,
 Cannot look, he write, too ill to please you.
 Can you bear a Sense of Love so gross,
 Let mere Fashion on your Taste impose?
 Your Taste refin'd, might add to your Delight;
 But from you are taught to raise their Flight;
 As you learn to judge, they learn to write.

OGU

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

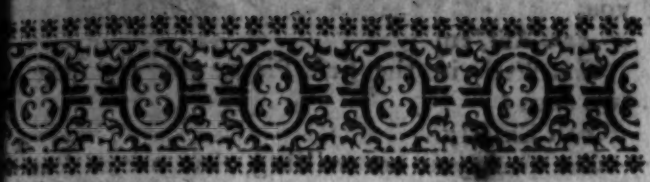
<i>Antonio</i> and <i>Charino</i>	}	Old Gentlemen,	{	<i>Mr. Bullock.</i> <i>Mr. Cross.</i>
<i>Don Lewis,</i>	{	Uncle, and near Friend to <i>Carlos,</i>	}	<i>Mr. Penketman.</i>
<i>Carlos,</i> a Student,	{	Sons to <i>Antonio</i>	{	<i>Mr. Williams.</i>
<i>Clodio,</i> a pert Coxcomb,				<i>Mr. Cible.</i>
<i>Sancho,</i> Servant to <i>Carlos,</i>				<i>Mr. Norris.</i>
<i>Monsieur,</i> Valet to <i>Clodio,</i>				
Governor of <i>Lisbon,</i>				<i>Mr. Simpson.</i>
<i>Don Duart,</i> his Nephew,				<i>Mr. Mills.</i>
<i>Don Mahomet,</i>	{	A Sea-Officer, in Love with <i>Louisa.</i>	}	<i>Mr. Tams.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Angelina,</i> Daughter to <i>Charino,</i>				<i>Mrs. Temple.</i>
<i>Louisa,</i>	{	A Lady of Quality and Pleasure,	}	<i>Mrs. Verbrugg.</i>
<i>Elvira,</i> Sister to <i>Don Duart,</i>				<i>Mrs. Knight.</i>
<i>Honorina,</i> Cousin to <i>Louisa,</i>				<i>Mrs. Moor.</i>

Priest, Officers, and Servants.

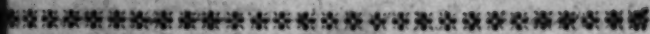
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LOVE makes a MAN:

O R,

The FOP's Fortune.



ACT I.

The SCENE an HALL.

Enter Antonio and Charino.



WITHOUT Complement, my old Friend, I shall think my self much honour'd in your Alliance; our Families are both ancient, our Children young, and able to support 'em; and, I think, the

sooner we set 'em to work, the better.

Cha. Sir, you offer fair and nobly, and shall find I dare meet you in the same Line of Honour; and, I hope, since I have but one Girl in the World, you won't think me 'a troublesome old Fool, if I endeavour to bestow her to her Worth; therefore, if you please, before we shake Hands, a Word or two by the

6 LOVE makes a MAN; or,

Bye, for I have some considerable Questions to ask you.

Ant. Ask 'em.

Cha. Well, in the first Place, you say you have two Sons?

Ant. Exactly.

Cha. And you are willing that one of 'em should marry my Daughter?

Ant. Willing.

Cha. My Daughter *Angelina*?

Ant. *Angelina*.

Cha. And you are likewise content that the said *Angelina* shall survey 'em both, and (with my allowance) take to her lawful Husband, which of 'em she pleases?

Ant. Content.

Cha. And you farther promise, that the Person who shall be chosen, (be it elder or younger) shall be your sole Heir; that is to say, shall be in a conditional Possession of at least three Parts of your Estate. You know the Conditions, and this you positively promise?

Ant. To perform.

Cha. Why then, as the last Token of my full Consent and Approbation, I give you my Hand.

Ant. There's mine.

Cha. Is't a Match?

Ant. A Match.

Cha. Done.

Ant. Done.

Cha. And done — that's enough. — *Carlo* the elder, you say, is a great Scholar; spends his whole Life in the University, and loves his Study.

Ant. Nothing more, Sir.

Cha. But *Clodio*, the younger, has seen the World, and is very well known in the Court of France; a sprightly Fellow, ha?

Ant. Mettle to the Back, Sir.

Cha. Well! how far either of 'em may go with my Daughter, I can't tell; she'll be easily pleas'd.

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Cha. Stran

San. Here,

Cha. Pray,

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San. Life,

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Ar. Afzil.

The FOP's Fortune. O I

7

ions to — I have given her some Documents
ady. Hark! what Noise without?
Int. Ods! 'tis they — they're come — I
you have expected 'em these two Hours. Well, Sirrah
o's without?

Enter a Servant.

er. 'Tis Sancho, Sir, with a Waggon Load of my
ster's Books.

Ant. Never without it, Sir, 'tis his Humour.

Cha. What, does he always travel with his whole
ly?

Enter Sancho laden with Books.

San. Pedro, unload Part of the Library; bid the
ter open the great Gates, and make Room for
her Dozen of Carts; I'll be with you presently.

Ant. Hah! Sancho! where's my Carlos? speak Boy,
ere didst thou leave thy Master?

San. Jogging on, Sir, in the Highway to Know-
ge, both Hands employ'd, his Book, and his
lle, Sir: But he has sent his Duty before him in
Letter, Sir.

Ant. What have we here, Pot-books and Andirons?

San. Pot-books! Oh! dear Sir! — I beg your Par-

— No, Sir, this is *Arabic*; 'tis to the Lord
concerning the Translation, Sir, of human
ies — a new Way of getting out of the World.
ere's a terrible-wise Man * has written a very
rr Book of it.

Cha. Pray, Friendly, what will that same Book
ch a Man?

San. Teach you, Sir; why, to play a Trump upon
th, and shew your self a Match for the Devil.

Cha. Strange!

San. Here, Sir, this is your Letter. [To Ant.]

Cha. Pray, Sir, what sort of Life may your Ma-
lead?

San. Life, Sir! no Prince fares like him; he breaks
Fast with *Aristotle*, dines with *Tully*, drinks at
Helicon,

Mr. Asgil.

Helicon, sups with *Seneca*, then walks a Turn or two in the milky Way, and after six Hours Confer-
with the Stars, sleeps with old *Erra Pater*.

Cha. Wonderful!

Ant. So, *Carlos* will be here presently — He
take the Knave in, and let him eat.

San. And drink too, Sir?

Ant. And drink too, Sir, — and pray see y
Master's Chamber ready. [Knocking ag

Well, Sir! who's at the Gate?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Monsieur, Sir, from my young Master *Clodio*.

Enter Monsieur.

Ant. Well, *Monsieur*, What says your Ma
When will he be here?

Monf. Sire, he will be here in de less Time
von Quarter of de Hour; he is not quite r'irty M
off.

Ant. And what came you before for?

Monf. Sire, me come to providè de Pulvilè,
de Essauncè for his Peruquè, dat he may approa
to your Vorfhipè vid de Reverauncè, and de
Air.

Ant. What, is he unprovided then?

Monf. Sire, he vas Enragè, and did brakè his
tel d'Orangerie, because it vas no de same dat is
parè for *Monseigneur le Dauphin*.

Ant. Well, Sir, if you'll go to the Butler, h
— help you to some Oil and Vinegar for his Perrin

Monf. Sire, me tank you. [Exit Monsieur]

Cha. A very notable Spark this *Clodio*. Ha! w
trampling of Horses is that without?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir, my young Masters are both come.

Ant. That's well! Now, Sir, now! now obse
their several Dispositions.

Enter Carlos.

Car. My Father! Sir, your Blessing.

Ant. Thou hast it, *Carlos*; and now pray k
this Gentleman, *Charino*, Sir, my old Friend,

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Car. O yes,

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in whom you may have a particular Inter-

est. I'll study to deserve his Love, Sir.

Car. Sir, as for that Matter, you need not study at
[They salute.

Enter Clodio.

Clodio. Hey! *La Kalere!* bid the Groom take care our
shoes be well rub'd and cloath'd; they're hot, and
cut-strip the Wind.

Car. Aye, marry Sir, there's Mettle in this young
Groom.

Clodio. Where's my Father?

Car. Hah, my dear *Clody*, thou'rt welcome! let
me kiss thee.

Clodio. Sir, — you kiss pleasingly — I love to
be kiss'd by a Man, in *Paris* we kiss nothing else, Sir, being
your Father's Friend, I am your most oblig'd, and
humble Servant.

Car. Sir, — I — I — I — I like you. [To Char.

Clodio. Thy Hand — [Kiss] — I'm your Friend.

Car. Faith, thou art a pretty humour'd Fellow.

Clodio. Who's that? Pray, Sir, who's that?

Car. Your Brother, *Clody*.

Clodio. O! I beg his Pardon with all my Heart.

Car. Ha, ha, did ever Mortal see such a Book-Worm?

Clodio. How is it? how well I am? [Carelessly.]

Car. I'm glad you are well, Brother.

Clodio. What, does he draw his Book upon me? then

will draw my Wit upon him. — Gad I'll puzzle

him. — Hark you, Brother, pray what's — what's

in for a Sword-knot?

Car. The *Romans* wore none, Brother.

Clodio. No Ornament upon their Swords, Sir?

Car. O yes, several, Conquest, Peace, and Honour —

old unfashionable Wear.

Clodio. Sir, no Man in *France* (I may as well say

nothing; for not to live there, is not to breathe)

has a more fashionable Sword than I do; he cost

fifteen Louis — d'or's in *Paris* — There, Sir —

try him, Sir.

Car.

TO LOVE makes a MAN; or,

Car. I have no Skill, Sir.

Clo. No Skill, Sir! why, this Sword would make a Coward fight — aha! fa, fa! ha! Rip — there I had him.

Car. Take heed, you'll cut my Cloaths, Brother.

Clo. Cut 'em! ha, ha. — no, no, they are already, Brother, to the Grammar-School exactly. Pshaw, prithes Man leave off this College-Air.

Cor. No, Brother, I think it wholesome, the and Situation pleasant.

Clo. A Putt, by Jupiter! he don't know the of a Gentleman, from the Air of the Country: —

Sir, I mean the Air of your Cloaths, I would have you change your Taylor, and dress a little more Cavalier: Lay by your Book, and take out your Snuff-box; Cock, and look smart; Hah!

Cha. Faith a pretty Fellow!

Car. I read no Use in this Brother; and for Cloaths, the half of what I wear already, seem too superfluous: What need I outward Ornaments, when I can deck my self with Understanding? Why then we care for any Thing, but Knowledge? Or look on the Follies of Mankind, but to condemn or those that seek 'em? [Reads again]

Clo. Stark mad! Split me.

Cha. Pshaw, this Fellow will never do — he has no Soul in him.

Clo. Hark you, Brother, what do you think of pretty plump Wench now?

Car. I seldom think that Way; Women are Books I have not read yet.

Clo. Gad, I could set you a sweet Lesson, Brother.

Car. I am as well here, Sir.

Cha. Good for no earthly Thing; a mere Stock, Ah, that Clody!

Enter Monsieur.

Mon. Sir, here be de several sorte of de Jassim d'Orangerie vidout, if you please to mak your choice.

Clo. Mum, Sir, I must beg Pardon for a Moment: a most important Business calls me aside, which

dispatch with all imaginable Celerity, and re-
to the Repetition of my Desire to continue, Sir,
most oblig'd and faithful humble Servant.

[Exit Clody bowing.]

4. Faith, he's a pretty Fellow.

5. Now, Sir, if you please, since we have got
her alone, we'll put the matter a little closer
on.

6. 'Tis to little purpose, I am afraid: But use
Pleasure, Sir.

7. Plato differs from Socrates in this. [To himself.]

8. Come, come, prithee Charles, lay 'em by, let
agree at Leisure. What, no Hour of Interrup-

9. Man's Life, Sir, being so short, and then the
that leads us to the Knowledge of our selves, so
and tedious, each Minute should be precious.

10. Aye, but to thrive in this World, Charles, you
part a little with this Bookish Contemplation,
prepare your self for Action. If you will study,
be to know what Part of my Land's fit for the
ghly, what for Pasture, to buy and sell my Stock
the best Advantage, and cure my Cattel when
are over-grown with Labour. This now would
to some Account.

11. This, Sir, may be done from what I've read:
what concerns Tillage, who better can deliver it,
Virgil in his *Georgicks*? And, for the Cure of
his *Buccolicks* are a Master-piece; but when his
describes the Commonwealth of Bees, their In-
try, their more than human Knowledge of the
s, from which they gather Honey, their Laws,
Government among themselves, their Order in
g forth, and coming laden Home, their strict
ience to their King, his just Rewards to such
labour, his Punishment inflicted only on the
ful Drone. I'm ravish'd with it, then reap in
my Harvest, receive the Gain my Cattel bring
and there find Wax and Honey.

Ant.

Ant. Hey day! *Georges* and *Blue-sticks*, and
was! What, art thou mad?

Cha. Raving, raving!

Car. No, Sir, the Knowledge of this, guards
 from it.

Ant. But can you find, among all your musty
 manuscripts, what Pleasure he enjoys, that lies in
 Arms of a young, rich, well-shap'd, healthy He
 Answer me that, ha, Sir!

Car. 'Tis frequent, Sir, in Story, there I read
 all kinds of virtuous, and of vicious Women; the
 ancient *Spartan* Dames, the *Roman* Ladies, their
 virtues, and their Deformities; and when I light upon
Portia, or a *Cornelia*, crown'd with ever-bloom
 Truth and Virtue, with such a Feeling I peruse the
 Fortunes, as if I then had liv'd and tasted of the
 lawful envy'd Love: But when I meet a *Messa*
 tir'd and unfated in her soul Desires, a *Clytem*
 bath'd in her Husband's Blood, an impious T
 whirling her Chariot o'er her Father's breathless
 dy, Horror invades my Faculties; comparing
 the numerous Guilty, with the easy Count of d
 that die in Innocence, I detest and loath 'em as
 ignorance, or Atheism.

Ant. And you do resolve then to make Payment
 the Debt you owe me?

Car. What Debt, good Sir?

Ant. Why, the Debt I paid my Father, when he
 you, Sir, and made him a Grandfire; which I expect
 from you, I won't have my Name Die.

Car. Nor would; I my labour'd Studies, Sir, to
 prove in Time a living Issue.

Ant. Very well, Sir; and so I shall have a gene
 Collection of all the Quiddits from *Adam*, 'till the
 Time, to be my Grand-child!

Car. I'll take my best Care, Sir, that what I learn
 mayn't shame the Family.

Cha. A sad Fellow this! This is a very sad
 low.

Ant. Nor you won't take Care of my Estate?

Car. But

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Ant. So t

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Cha. I'll c

Car. But in my Wishes, Sir: For know the Wings which my Soul is mounted, have long since born Pride too high to stoop to any Prey that soars not upwards: Sordid and dunghil Minds, compos'd of earth, fix in that gross Element their Happiness; but at and purer Spirits shaking that Clog of human filth off, become refin'd, and free as the Ætherial Air. *Ans.* So that in short you wou'd not marry an Em-

Car. Give me leave to enjoy my self; the Closet it contains my chosen Books, to me's a glorious Court; my venerable Companions there, the Sages and Philosophers, sometimes the greatest Kings and Heroes, whose Counsels I have leave to weigh, and call their Victories, if unjustly got, unto strict Account, and in my Fancy dare deface their plac'd Statues. Can I then part with solid content Pleasures, to clasp uncertain Vanities? No, Sir, let your Care to swell your Heap of Wealth, marry your Brother, and let him get you Bodies of our Name; rather wou'd inform it with a Soul — I tire you, — your Pardon, and your Leave — Lights are for my Study.

[Exit Carlos.

Ans. Was ever Man thus transported from the common Sense of his own Happiness; a stupid wife I could beat him. Now, if it were not for my hopes in young Clody, I might fairly conclude my time were at a Period.

Cha. Aye, aye, he's the Match for my Money, and your Girl's too, I warrant her. What say you, Sir, will we tell 'em a Piece of our Mind, and turn 'em together instantly?

Ans. This Minute, Sir, and here comes my young wife in the very Nick of his Fortune.

Enter Clodio.

Ans. Clody, a Word!

Clod. To the Wife is enough: Your Pleasure, Sir.

Ans. In the mean Time, Sir, if you please to send your Daughter Notice of our intended Visit. [To Cha.

Cha. I'll do't — hark you, Friend.

[Whispers a Servant.

Enter

14 LOVE makes a MAN; or,

Enter Sancho behind.

San. I doubt my Master has found but rough Welcome! He's gone Supperless into his Study; I'd fain know the Reason — It may be some Body has borrow'd one of his Books, or so — I must find him out.

[Stands aside]

Clo. Sir, you cou'd not have started any Thing more agreeable to my Inclination; and for the young Lady's, Sir, if this old Gentleman will please to give me a Sight of her, you shall see me whip into her in the cutting of a Caper.

Cha. Well! pursue, and conquer; tho' let me tell you, Sir, my Girl has Wit, and will give you as good as you bring; she has a smart Way, Sir.

Clo. Sir, I will be as smart as she; I have my Share of Courage; I fear no Woman alive, Sir, having always found, Sir, that Love and Assurance ought to be as inseparable Companions, as a Beau and a Snuff Box, or a Curate and a Tobacco-stopper.

Cha. Faith, thou art a pleasant Rogue, I Gad she may like thee.

Clo. I know how to tickle the Ladies, Sir — I Paris I had constantly two Challenges every Morning came up with my Chocolate, only for being pleasant Company the Night before with the first Ladies of Quality.

Cha. Ah, silly envious Rogues! Prithee, what do you do to their Ladies?

San. Positively nothing.

[Aside]

Clo. Why, the Truth is, I did make the Jades drink a little too smartly; for which, the poor Dogs the Priests cou'd not endure me.

Cha. Why, hast thou really convers'd with the Royal Family.

Clo. Convers'd with 'em! Aye, rot 'em, Aye! Aye! — You must know some of 'em came with me half a Days Journey, to see me a little on my Way hither: But I Gad, I sent young Louis back again Marli, as drunk as a Tinker, by Jove! Ha! ha! ha! can't but laugh to think how old Monarchy grow'd at him next Morning.

The FOP's Fortune.

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Cha. God a Mercy Boy! Well! and I warrant
 your wert as intimate with their Ladies too!

San. Just'a like, I dare answer for him. [*Aside.*

Clo. Why, you shall judge now, you shall judge —
 me see! there was, I and *Monsieur* — no! no!

Monsieur did not sup with us — There was, I,

Prince *Grandmont*, Duke de *Bongrace*, Duke de
Bellegarde — (*Bellegarde* — yes — yes, Jack was

re!) *Comte de l'Esprit*, *Mareschal Bombarde*, and
 that pleasant Dog the Prince de *Hautenbas*. We six

were all at Supper; all in good Humour, *Cham-*
agn was the Word, and Wit flew about the Room

— a Pack of losing Cards — Now, Sir, in *Madam's*
 adjacent Lodgings, there happen'd to be the same

number of Ladies, after the Fatigue of a Baller, di-
 stracting themselves with *Ratiffia*, and the Spleen; so

that they were not able to talk, tho' it were scandi-
 dly ev'n of their best Friends: So, Sir, after a pro-

found Silence, at last one of 'em gap'd — O God!

if she, wou'd that pleasant Dog *Clody* were here
Badiner a little — Hey, says a second, and stretch'd.

! *Mon Dieu!* says a third — and wak'd —
 wou'd not one find him says a fourth — and

wak'd — O! burn him, says a fifth, I saw him go
 with the nasty Rakes of the *Blood* again — in a

moment — Did you so, says a sixth — *Pardie!* we'll
 kill that Gang presently — in a Passion. Where-

in, Sir, in two Minutes, I receiv'd a Billet in four
 words — *Chien Nous vous Demandons*: Subscrib'd,

Grandmont, *Bongrace*, *Bellegarde*, *L'Esprit*, *Bombarde*,
Hautenbas.

Cha. Why, these are the very Name of the Princes
 who sup'd with?

Clo. Every Soul of 'em, the individual Wife or
 of every Man in the Company! Split me!

ha!

Cha. and *Ant.* Ha! ha! ha!

San. Did ever two old Gudgeons swallow so gree-

ly? [*Aside.*

Cha. Well! and didst thou make a Night on't,

16 LOVE makes a MAN; or,

Clo. Yes, I Gad! and a Morning too, Sir; for about eight a Clock the next Day slap they all fous'd upon their Knees, kiss'd round, burnt their Commodes, drank my Health, broke their Glasses, and so parted.

Ant. Gad 'a Mercy, Clody! Nay, 'twas always a wild young Rogue!

Cha. I like him the better for't — he's a pleasing one, I'm sure.

Ant. Well! the Rogue gives him a rare Account of his Travels.

Clo. I Gad, Sir, I have a Cure for the Spleen; A ha! I know how to riggle my self into a Lady's Favour — give me Leave when you please, Sir.

Cha. Sir, you shall have it this Moment — Fair! I like him — You remember the Conditions, Sir, three Parts of your Estate to him and his Heirs.

Ant. Sir, he deserves it all; 'tis not a Trifle to part 'em: You see *Charles* has given over the World, I'll undertake to buy his Birth-Right for a Shelf of new Books.

Cha. Aye! aye! get you the Writings ready, with your other Son's Hand to 'em; for unless he signs the Conveyance is of no Validity.

Ant. I know it, Sir, — they shall be ready with his Hand in two Hours.

Cha. Why then, come along, my Lad, and now I'll shew thee to my Daughter.

Clo. I dare be shewn, Sir, — *Allons! Heu! Suivons, L'Amour.* (Sings) [Exit]

San. How! my poor Master to be disinherited, Monsieur, Sa! sa! there, and I a Looker on too! we have study'd our *Majors* and our *Minors*, *Antecedents* and *Consequents*, to be concluded Coxcombs at last, we have made a fair Hand on't; I am glad to know of this Roguery, however; I'll take Care my Master's Uncle, old *Don Lewis*, shall hear of it; for though he can hardly read a Proclamation, yet he dotes upon his Learning; and if he be that old rough talker Blade he us'd to be, we may chance to have a Rub with 'em first. — Here he comes perfect.

D. Lew. He at it
— *San.*
thro'
San. Hav
D. Lew.
San. Yes,
D. Lew.
at is't?
San. Why
— disin
D. Lew. F
at dost th
San. His
at Heire
ate; and
Books,
D. Lew. T
le.
San. With
Master, a
you mor
Ant. Here
ons: Pray
couple'e
San. Do yo
give him T
San. What
D. Lew. Wh
ght —
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lon'd —
Ant. Brothe
D. Lew. O
feel your
in Anton
Piece of a
Ant. You a
D. Lew. It's

The FOP's Fortune.

17

Enter Don Lewis.

D. Lew. *Sancho!* where's my Boy *Charles*? What, he at it? Is he at it? — Deep — deep, I warrant — *Sancho!* A little Peep now — one Peep at thro' the Key-hole — I must have a Peep.

San. Have a Care, Sir, he's upon a magical Point.

D. Lew. What, has he lost any Thing?

San. Yes, Sir, he has lost with a Vengeance.

D. Lew. But what, what, what, what, Sirrah? What is't?

San. Why, his Birth-Right, Sir, he is di—di—
— disinherited. [Sobbing.

D. Lew. Ha! how! when! what! where! who? What dost thou mean?

San. His Brother, Sir, is to marry *Angelina*, the Heiress, to enjoy three Parts of his Father's Estate; and my Master is to have a whole Acre of Books, for setting his Hand to the Conveyance.

D. Lew. This must be a Lie, Sirrah, I will have it cleared.

San. With all my Heart, Sir; but here comes my Master, and that Pick-pocket the Lawyer; they'll tell you more.

Enter Antonio and a Lawyer.

Ant. Here, Sir, this Paper has your full Instructions: Pray be speedy, Sir, I don't know but we may couple 'em to Morrow; be sure you make it firm.

Law. Do you secure his Hand, Sir, I defy the Law to give him Title again. [Exit.

San. What think you now, Sir?

D. Lew. Why, now methinks I'm pleas'd — this sight — I'm pleas'd — must cut that Lawyer's throat, tho' — must bone him — ay! I'll have him bon'd — and ported.

Ant. Brother, how is't?

D. Lew. O mighty well — mighty well — I feel your Pulse — Feverish. [Looks earnestly in Antonio's Face, and after some Pause, whistles a Piece of a Tune.

Ant. You are merry, Brother.

D. Lew. It's a Lie.

Ant. How, Brother?

D. Lew. A damn'd Lie — I'm not merry. [*Smiling*]

Ant. What are you then?

D. Lew. Very angry.

Ant. Hi! hi! hi! at what, Brother? [*Mimicking him*]

D. Lew. Why, at a very wise Settlement I have made lately.

Ant. What Settlement, good Brother? I find I have heard of it.

D. Lew. What do you think I have done? — I have — this deep Head of mine has — distinguished my elder Son, because his Understanding's a Honour to my Family; and given it all to my younger, because he's a Puppy! a Puppy.

Ant. Come, I guess your Meaning, Brother.

D. Lew. Do you so, Sir? Why then, I must give you flat and plain, my Boy *Charles* must and shall inherit it.

Ant. I say no, unless *Charles* had a Soul to value his Fortune: What! he should manage eight thousand Crowns a Year out of the *Metaphysicks*! *Aristotle* should look to my Vineyards! *Horace* should look off my Wines! *Tragedy* should kill my Mutton! *History* should cut down my Hay! *Homer* should get me my Corn! *Titere tu Patule* look to my Sheep! and *Geometry* bring my Harvest Home! — Hark you, Brother, do you know what Learning is?

D. Lew. What if I don't, Sir? I believe it's a fine Thing, and that's enough — Tho' I can speak no Greek, I love and honour the Sound of it, and *Charles* speaks it loftily; I Gad, he thunders it on my Sir; and, let me tell you, Sir, if you had ever heard the Grace to have heard but six Lines of *Hesiod*, or *Homer*, or *Iliad*, or any of the Greek Poets, odds Heaven it would have made your Hair stand an end; and he has read such Things in my Hearing —

Ant. But did you understand 'em, Brother?

D. Lew. I tell you no. What does that signify? The very Sound's a sufficient Comfort to an honest Man.

Ant. Fye! fye! I wonder you talk so, you that are old, and should understand.

D. Lew.

D. Lew. Should, Sir! Yes, and so, Sir; Sir, I'd
 let you to know I have study'd, I have run over
 History, Poetry, Philosophy.

Ant. Yes, like a Cat over a Harpsicord, rare Mu-
 sic — you have read Catalogues I believe. Come,
 Brother, my younger Boy is a fine Gentleman.

D. Lew. A sad Dog — I'll buy a prettier Fellow
 for a Pennyworth of Ginger-bread.

Ant. What I propose, I'll do, Sir, say you your
 measure — Here comes one I must talk with —
 Well, Brother, what News?

Enter Charino.

Cha. O! to our Wishes, Sir; Clody's a right Bait
 for a Girl, Sir; a budding Sprightly Fellow: She's
 a little shy at first; but I gave him his Cue, and the
 rogue does so whisk, and frisk, and sing, and dance
 about, Odsbud! he plays like a Greyhound. No-

Don Lewis, I am your humble Servant: Come,
 what say you? Shall I prevail with you to settle
 the Part of your Estate upon young Clody?

D. Lew. Clody?

Cha. Aye, your Nephew, Clody.

D. Lew. Settle upon him!

Cha. Aye.

D. Lew. Why, look you, I han't much to spare; but
 I have an admirable Horse-Pond — I'll settle
 it upon him, if you will.

Ant. Come, let him have his Way, Sir, he's old
 and hasty; my Estate's sufficient. How does your
 daughter, Sir?

Cha. Ripe, and ready, Sir, like a blushing Rose,
 only waits for pulling.

Ant. Why then, let to Morrow be the Day.

Cha. With all my Heart; get you the Writings
 ready, my Girl shall be here in the Morning.

D. Lew. Hark you, Sir, do you suppose my Charles
 will —

Cha. Sir, I suppose nothing; what I'll do, I'll ju-
 stify; what your Brother does, let him answer.

Ant. That I have already, Sir, and so good Mor-
 row to your Patience, Brother.

[Exeunt.

D. Lew.

D. Lew. Sancho!

San. Sir.

D. Lew. Fetch me some Gun-powder—quick—quick

San. Sir.

D. Lew. Some Gun-powder, I say,—a Barrel—quickly—and d'ye hear, three Penny-worth of Ratsbane! — Hay! ay, I'll blow up one, and poyson the other.

San. Come, Sir, I see what you would be at, and if you dare take my Advice, (I don't want Wit at a Pinch, Sir) e'en let me try if I can fire my Masses enough with the Praises of the young Lady, to make him rival his Brother; that would blow 'em up indeed, Sir.

D. Lew. Psha! impossible, he never spoke five Words to any Woman in his Life, but his Bed-maker.

San. So much the better, Sir; therefore, if he speaks at all, it's the more likely to be out of the Road——Hark, he rings——I must wait upon him.

D. Lew. These damn'd old Rogues!——I can't look my poor Boy in the Face: But come, Charles, let 'em go on, thou shalt not want Money to buy thee Books yet——That old Fool thy Father, and his young Puppy, shall not share a Groat of mine between 'em! Nay, to plague 'em, I could find in my Heart to fall sick in a Pett, give thee my Estate in a Passion, and leave the World in a Fury. [Exit]

ACT II.

Enter Antonio and Sancho.

Ant. SIR, he shall have what's fit for him.

San. No Inheritance, Sir?

Ant. Enough to give him Books, and a moderate Maintenance: That's as much as he cares for; you talk like a Fool, a Coxcomb; trouble him with Land

*San. Must
Ant. All,
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ats.
A Fat
Ant. Wha
now? O*

*ll, Sir, in
artiful Dis
r young
ll that spu
ook. You
en me a l
Ant. Sir,
of it ha
ook. Sir,
ro! Gufm
Ant. Butle
any Man
wn! Is th
Ant. They
Ant. That
— You, H
young Ja
ers be fin
— lay on*

*Car. What
Head is
; I have
my Facul
in huma
that whic
ble a Plea*

*San. Did
Car. Prish
San. The
be, and
San*

San. Must Master Clodio have all, Sir?

Ant. All, all, he knows how to use it; he's a bred in this World; r'other in the Skies, his business is altogether above Stairs; go, see what he wants.

San. A Father, I'm sure.

[Exit Sancho.

Ant. What, will none of my Rogues come near now? O! here they are.

Enter several Servants.

Ant. Well, Sir, in the first Place, can you procure me a plentiful Dinner for about fifty, within two Hours? My young Master is to be marry'd this Morning; will that spur you, Sir?

Cook. Young Master, Sir! I wish your Honour had given me a little more Warning.

Ant. Sir, you have as much as I had; I was not of it half an Hour ago.

Cook. Sir, I will try what I can do — Hey! Ho! Gusman! Come stir, ho!

[Exit Cook.

Ant. Butler, open the Cellar to all good Fellows; any Man offers to sneak away sober, knock him down! Is the Musick come?

But. They are within, at Breakfast, Sir.

Ant. That's well: Here, let this Room be clean'd. — You, Hussy, see the Bride-Bed made; take Care the young Jade cuts the Cords asunder, and look the sheets be fine and well scented — and, d'ye hear — lay on three Pillows! away!

[Exeunt.

Carlos alone in his Study.

Car. What a perpetual Noise these People make! My Head is broken with a Parenthesis in every Corner; I have forgot to eat and sleep, with reading; my Faculties turn into Study: What a Misfortune in human Nature, that the Body will not live without that which feeds the Mind! — How unprofitable a Pleasure is Eating? — Sancho!

Enter Sancho.

San. Did you call, Sir?

Car. Prithee, what Noise is this?

San. The Cooks are hard at work, Sir, chopping, and mincing Meat, and breaking Marrow-

Car.

Car. And is it thus at every Dinner?

San. No, Sir; but we have high Doings to Day.

Car. Well, for this *Folio* in its Place again; they shall make me a little Fire, and get a Mancher; I'll dine alone — Does my younger Brother speak *Greek* yet, *Sancho*?

San. No, Sir, but he spits *French* like a Magpie, and that's more in Fashion.

Car. He steps before me there; I think I read well enough to understand it, but when I am to give it Utterance, it quarrels with my Tongue — Again that Noise! Prithee tell me, *Sancho*, are there any Princes to dine here?

San. Some that are as happy as Princes, Sir, — your Brother's marry'd to Day.

Car. What of that? might not six Dishes serve 'em? I never have but one, and eat of that sparingly.

San. Sir, all the Country round is invited; not a Dog that knows the House, but comes too; all open Sir.

Car. Prithee, who is it my Brother marries?

San. Old *Charino's* Daughter, Sir, the great Heiress, a delicate Creature; young, soft, smooth, fair, plump, and ripe as a Cherry — and, they say, modest too.

Car. That's strange; prithee how do these modest Women look? I never yet convers'd with any but my own Mother; to me they ever were but Shew-dolls, seen and unregarded.

San. Ah! would you saw this Lady, Sir, she'll draw you farther than your *Archimedes*; she has a better Secret than any's in *Aristotle*; if you study for it, I Gad you'd find her the prettiest natural Philosopher to play with.

Car. Is she so fine a Creature?

San. Such Eyes! such Looks! such a Pair of pretty, plump, pouting Lips! such Softness in her Voice! such Musick too! and when she smiles, such roguish Dimples in her Cheeks! such a clear Skin, white Neck, and a little lower, such a Pair of

round

and, hard, heaving what d'ye call-ums ———— ah!

Mr. Why, thou art in Love, *Sancho*.

Mr. Aye! so would you be, if you saw her, Sir.

Mr. I don't think so. What Settlement does my
er make 'em?

Mr. Only all his dirty Land, Sir, and makes
Brother his sole Heir.

Mr. Must I have nothing?

Mr. Books in abundance; Leave to study your
out, Sir.

Mr. I am the elder born, and have a Title too.

Mr. No matter for that, Sir, he'll have Possession
of the Lady too.

Mr. I wish him happy ———— he'll not inhe-
my little Understanding too!

Mr. O, Sir, he's more a Gentleman than to do

—— Ods me! Sir, Sir, here comes the very La-
the Bride, your Sister that must be, and her
er.

Enter Charino and Angelina.

and close, you'll both see and hear, Sir.

Mr. I ne'er saw any yet so fair! such Sweetness

er Look! such Modesty! if we may think the

the Window to the Heart, she has a thousand

sur'd Virtues there.

Mr. So! the Book's gone.

[*Aside.*

Mr. Come, prithee put on a brisker Look; Ods-

at, dost thou think in Conscience that's fit for

Wedding-Day?

Mr. Sir, I wish it were not quite so sudden; a

Time for farther Thought perhaps had made it

er to me: To change for ever, is no Trifle, Sir.

Mr. A Wonder!

Mr. Look you, his Fortune I have taken care of,

this Person you have no Exceptions to. What,

the Name of *Venus*, would the Girl have?

Mr. I never said, of all the World I made him,

my Choice: Nay, tho' he be yours, I cannot

I am highly pleas'd with him, nor yet am

er; but I had rather welcome your Commands

him, than Disobedience.

Cha.

24 LOVE makes a MAN; or,

Cha. O! if that be all, Madam, to make easy, my Commands are at your Service.

Ang. I have done with my Objections, Sir.

Car. Such Understanding, in so soft a Form! — Happy — Happy Brother! — may he be happy while I sit down in Patience, and alone! — I have gaz'd too much — Reach me an Ovid. [Ex. Car. & Ang.]

Cha. I say, put on your best Looks, Hussy — here he comes, Faith.

Enter Clodio.

Ah! my dear Clody!

Clo. My dear, [Kisses him] dear Dad. Hah! *Princesse! estes vous la donc!* A ha! Non, non, *je ne vous connois pas.* [Sings] Look, look, — o' Sly-boots; what, she knows nothing of the Matter? But you will, Child — I Gad, I shall come the Clock extreamly to Night: Let me see — what Time shall I rise to Morrow? — Not 'till nine, — Ten, — Eleven, for a Pistole. Ah — *Cela dit, votre cœur insensible est en fin vaincu.* Non, &c.

[Sings a second Verse]

Enter Antonio, Don Lewis, and Lawyer.

Ant. Well said Clody; my noble Brother, welcome my fair Daughter, I give you Joy.

Clo. And so will I too, Sir. *Allons! Vivons! Chérissons! Dançons! Hey L'autre Jour, &c.*

[Sings and Dances, &c.]

Ant. Well said again, Boy. Sir, you and your Writings are welcome. What, my angry Brother may, you must have your Welcome too, or we shall make but a flat Feast on't.

D. Lew. Sir, I am not welcome, nor I won't be welcome, nor no Body's welcome, and you are a Parcel of —

Cha. What, Sir?

D. Lew. — Miserable Wretches — sad Dogs —

Ant. Come, pray, Sir, bear with him, he's old and hasty; but he'll dine, and be good Company for this.

D. Lew. A strange Lie, that.

Clo. Ha, ha, ha, poor Testy, ha ha!

D.

Lew. Don't laugh, my dear Rogue, prithee don't laugh now; Faith I shall break thy Head, if thou dost.

Jo. Gad so! what, then I find you are angry at my dear Uncle?

D. Lew. Angry at thee, hay, Puppy! — Why, what! what dost thou see in that lovely hatchet Face of mine, that's worth my being out of Humour at? God and Fire, ye Dog, get out of my Sight, or —

Ant. Nay, Brother, this is too far —

D. Lew. Angry at him, a Son of a — Son's Son and Whore!

Cha. Ha, ha! poor peevish —

D. Lew. I'd fain have some Body poyson him. [To self] Ah, that sweet Creature! Must this fair ever be cropp'd to stick up in a Piece of rascally when Ware? I must speak to her — Puppy, get out of my Way.

Jo. Ha, ha! aye, now for't.

D. Lew. [To Angeilna] Ah! — ah! — ah! — I pity you; you're a lovely young creature, and ought to have a handsome Man yok'd to you, one of Understanding too: — I am loath to say it, but this Fellow's Scull's extremely weak — he can never get any Thing upon that Body, but Muffs and Snuff-boxes; or, say he should have a Thing shap'd like a Child, you can get nothing of 'r, but a Taylor.

Jo. Ods me! why, you are testy, my dear Uncle.

D. Lew. Will no Body take that troublesome Dog out of my Sight — I can't stay where he is — I'll go see my poor Boy Charles — I've disturb'd you, Madam, your humble Servant.

Ans. You'll come again, and drink the Bride's health, Brother?

D. Lew. That Lady's Health I may; and, if she'll let me Leave, perhaps sit by her at Table too.

Jo. Ha, ha! Bye Nuncle.

D. Lew. Puppy, good Bye — [Exit D. Lewis.]

Ans. An odd humour'd Gentleman.

Ans. Very odd indeed, Child; I suppose in pure rage, he'll make my Son Charles his Heir.

Ang. Methinks I would not have a light Head nor one laden with too much Learning, as my Father says this *Carlos* is; sure there's something hid in that Gentleman's Concern for him, that speaks him not so mere a Log.

Ant. Come, shall we go and seal, Brother? the Priest stays for us; when *Carlos* has sign'd the Conveyance, as he shall presently, we'll then to the Wedding, and so to Dinner.

Cha. With all my Heart, Sir.

Clo. Allons! ma chere Princeesse.

[Exeunt]

Carlos in his Study, with Don Lewis, and Sancho.

D. Lew. Nay, you are undone.

Car. Then — I must study, Sir, to bear my Fortune.

D. Lew. Have you no greater Feeling?

San. You were sensible of the great Book, Sir, when it fell upon your Head; and won't the Ruin of your Fortune stir you?

Car. Will he have my Books too?

D. Lew. No, no, he has a Book, a fine one too, call'd, *The Gentleman's Recreation*; or, *the secret Art of getting Sons and Daughters*: Such a Creature! Beauty in Folio! would thou hadst her in thy Study. *Carlos*, tho' it were but to new clasp her.

San. He has seen her, Sir.

D. Lew. Well, and — and — and —

San. He flung away his Book, Sir.

D. Lew. Did he Faith? would he had flung away his Humour too, and spoke to her.

Car. Must my Brother then have all?

D. Lew. All, all.

San. All that your Father has, Sir.

Car. And that fair Creature too?

San. Aye, Sir.

D. Lew. Hay!

Car. He has enough, then.

[Sighing]

D. Lew. He have her, *Charles*! why would, would that is — hay!

Car. May I not see her, sometimes, and call her Sister? I'll do him no Wrong.

D. Lew.

Lew. I can't bear this! 'Heart, I could cry for
sickness! Plesh and Fire! do but speak to her, Man.

Lew. I cannot, Sir, her Look requires something of
a distant Awe, Words of that soft Respect, and
such Force and Meaning too, that I should stand
founded to approach her, and yet I long to wish
Joy! ——— O were I born to give it too!

D. Lew. Why, thou shalt wish her Joy, Boy; Faith,
'tis a good humour'd Creature, she'll take it kindly.

Lew. Do you think so, Uncle?

D. Lew. I'll to her, and tell her of you.

Lew. Do, Sir, ——— Pray, Uncle ——— will she not
take me rude? I would not for the World offend her.

D. Lew. 'Fend a Fiddle-stick ——— let me alone ———
—— I'll.

Lew. Nay, but Sir! dear Uncle.

D. Lew. A hum! a hum! [Exit D. Lewis.

Enter Antonio and the Lawyer with a Writing.

Ant. Where's my Son?

Law. There, Sir, casting a Figure what chopping
children his Brother shall have, and where he shall
have a new Father for himself.

Ant. I shall find a Stick for you, Rogue, I shall.
How dost thou do? Come hither, Boy.

Law. Your Pleasure, Sir?

Ant. Nay, no great Matter, Child, only to put
my Name here a little, to this Bit of Parchment; I
want you write a reasonable good Hand, *Charles*.

Law. Pray, Sir, to what Use may it be?

Ant. Only to pass your Title in the Land I have,
my Brother *Clodio*.

Law. Is it no more, Sir?

Ant. That's all, Sir.

Law. No, no, 'tis nothing else: Look you, you
shall be provided for, you shall have what Books you
like, and your Means shall come in without your
trouble, and you shall always have a Servant to wait
on you.

Ant. Sir, I thank you; but if you please, I had
rather sign it before the good Company below; is
it so?

28 LOVE makes a MAN; or,

being, Sir, so frank a Gift, 'twill be some fine Complement to have it done before the Lady is there. There I shall sign it cheerfully, and wish my better Fortune.

Ant. With all my Heart, Child; it's the first Thing to me.

Car. You'll excuse me, Sir, if I make no great Stay with you.

Ant. Do as thou wilt, thou shalt do any Thing thou hast a Mind to. [Exit]

San. Now has he undone himself for ever; O heart, I'll down into the Cellar, and be stark drunk for Anger. [Exit]

The SCENE changes to a Dining-Room, with a large Table spread.

Enter Charino with Angelina, Clodio, Don Lew, Ladies, Priest, and a Lawyer.

Law. COME, let him bring his Son's Hand, as all's done: Are you ready, Sir?

Priest. Sir, I shall dispatch them presently, immediately! for in Truth I am an hungry.

Clo. I Gad, I warrant you, the Priest and I can both fall to without saying Grace — Ha! little Rogue! what, you think it long too?

Ang. I find no Fault, Sir; better Things were well done, than done too hastily — Sir, you look melancholy. [To D. Lew.]

D. Lew. Sweet swelling Blossom! Ah that I had a gathering of thee! I would stick thee in the Bosom of a pretty young Fellow — Ah! thou hast married a Man (but that he is so bewitch'd to his Study, and knows no other Mistress, than his Mind) so far above this feather-headed Puppy —

Ang. Can he talk, Sir?

D. Lew. Like an Angel — to himself — Devil a Word to a Woman: His Language is all on the high Business to Heaven, and heavenly Wonders, to Nature, and her dark and secret Causes.

Ang. Does he speak so well there, Sir?

D. Lew. To Admiration! such Curiosities! but can't look a Woman in the Face; if he does, he blushes like fifteen.

Ang. Bu
D. Lew.
atch'd,
ry if I
Ang. I
Clo. Loc
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Cha. Le
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Clo. So
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D. Lew.
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Ant. Aye
D. Lew.
y the Fing
d plum to
Car. Paro
angelina.)
y! Happy
ectar down
ere in fate
— But yo
y; if, as
elight of I
Ang. How
his the me

Ang. But a little Conversation, methinks —

D. Lew. Why, so I think too; but the Boy's been
fetch'd, and the Devil can't bring him to'r: Shall
I try if I can get him to wish you Joy?

Ang. I shall receive it as becomes his Sister, Sir.

Elo. Look, look, old Testy will fall in Love by
and by; he's hard at it, split me.

Cha. Let him alone, she'll fetch him about, I
arrant you.

Elo. So, here my Father comes! Now, Priest!
my Brother too! that's a Wonder! broke like
spirit from his Cell.

Enter Antonio and Carlos.

D. Lew. Odsso! here he is! that's he! a little in-
coming to the lean, or so, but his Understanding's
fatter for't.

Ant. Come, *Charles*, 'twas your Desire to see my
Daughter and the good Company, and then to
be before 'em all, and give your Brother Joy.

Cha. He does well; I shall think the better of him
as long as I live.

Car. Is this the Lady, Sir?

Ant. Aye, that's your Sister, *Charles*.

Car. Forbid it Love! (*Aside.*) Do you not think
it'll grace our Family?

Ant. No doubt on't, Sir.

Car. Shou'd I not thank her for so unmerited a Grace?

Ant. Aye, and welcome, *Charles*.

D. Lew. Now, my Boy! give her a gentle Twist
by the Fingers! lay your Lips softly, softly, close
and plum to hers.

[*Apart to Carlos.*]

Car. Pardon a Stranger's Freedom, Lady. (*Salutes*
Angelina.) Dissolving Softness! O the drowning
Joy! Happy! — Happy he that sips eternally such
ectar down, that unconfin'd may lave and wanton
here in fateless Draughts of ever springing Beauty.

— But you, fair Creature, share by far the higher
Joy; if, as I've read, (nay, now am sure) the sole
delight of Love lies only in the Power to give.

Ang. How near his Thoughts agree with mine!
this the mere Scholar I was told of! (*Aside.*) — I

30 LOVE makes a MAN; or,

find, Sir, you have experienc'd Love, you seem acquainted with the Passion.

Car. I've had, indeed, a dead pale Glimpse of Theory, but never saw th'enlivening Light before.

Ang. Ha! before!

Ant. Well, these are very fine Compliments; but you say nothing to your Brother yet.

Car. O yes, and wish him, Sir, with any other Beauty, (if possible) more lasting Joy than I could taste with her.

Ang. He speaks unhappily.

Clo. Ha! — what do you say, Brother?

Ant. Nay, for my Part, I don't understand him.

Cha. Nor I.

D. Lew. Stand clear, I do — and that swine Creature too, I hope.

Ang. Too well, I fear.

Ant. Come, come, to the Writing, Charles; please leave thy studying, Man.

Car. I'll leave my Life first; I study now to be a Man; before, *what Man was*, was but my Argument — I now am on the *Proof*! I find I feel my self a Man — nay, I fear it too.

D. Lew. He has it! he has it! my Boy's in for't.

Clo. Come, come, will you —

D. Lew. Stand out of the Way, Puppy.

[Interposing with his Back to Cloy]

Car. Whence is it, Fair, that while I offer Speech to you, my Thoughts want Words, my Words the free and honest Utterance? Why is it thus I tremble at your Touch, and fear your Frown, as would a frightened Child the dreadful Lightning? Yet should my dearest Friend or Brother dare to check my vain deluded Wishes, O! I should turn, and rear him like an offended Lyon — Is this, can it, must it be in a Sister's Power?

Clo. Come, come, will you sign, Brother.

D. Lew. Time enough, Puppy.

Car. O! if you knew with what precipitate Haste you hurry on a Deed that makes you blest'd, miserable for ever, ev'n yet, near as you are to Heaven, pine

you seem a
 I say, will you sign, Brother?
 Away, I have no Time for Trifles! Room
 an Elder Brother.
 [Aside] Lew. Why, did not I bid thee stand out of the
 now?
 Ant. Aye, but this is trifling, Charles! come,
 me, your Hand, Man.
 Car. Your Pardon, Sir, I cannot Seal yet; had
 only shew'd me Land, I had resign'd it free;
 proud to have bestow'd it to your Pleasure: 'Tis
 'tis Dirt, and Trouble: But you have open'd
 me such a Treasure, such unimagined Mines of
 Joy, that I perceive my Temper stubborn now,
 to a churlish Avarice of Love — Heaven di-
 my Fortune.
 [Aside] Ant. And so you won't part with your Title, Sir?
 Car. Sooner with my Soul of Reason, be a Plant,
 a Fish, a Fly, and only make the Number
 Animals, or Things up, than yield one Foot of
 — if she be ty'd to't.
 Cha. I don't like this, he talks oddly methinks.
 Dig. Yet with a Bravery of Soul might warm the
 Heart. [Aside]
 Ps. Pshaw, Pox, prithee, Brother, you had better
 of those Things in your Study, Man!
 Car. Go you and Study, for 'tis Time, young
 Brother: Turn o'er the tedious Volumes I have read,
 and digest them well! the wholesomest Food
 green consumptive Minds! wear out whole fast-
 Days, and by the pale weak Lamp, pore away
 freezing Nights; rather make dim thy Sight,
 leave thy Mind in Doubt and Darkness: Con-
 thy useless Travels to thy Closet, traverse the
 and civil Lives of good and great Men dead;
 pare 'em with the Living: Tell me why *Caesar*
 sh'd by the Hand that lov'd him most, and why
 Enemies deplor'd him? Distil the Sweetness
 the Poet's Spring, and learn to soften thy De-
 nor dare to dream of Marriage Vows, 'till thou
 taught thy Soul, like mine, to love — Is
 it

32 LOVE makes a MAN; or,

it for thee to wear a Jewel of this inestimable Worth.
D. Lew. Ah! Charles! (Kisses him) What say
to the Scholar now, Chicken?

Ang. A Wonder! — Is this Gentleman
Brother, Sir?

Clo. Hay! no, my — Madam, not quite
that is, he is a little a-kin by the — Pox on
would he were bury'd — I can't tell what to
to him, split me.

Ant. Positively, you will not seal then, ha?

Car. Neither — I should not blindly say I
not Seal — Let me intreat a Moment's Pause
for, even yet, perhaps, I may.

Ang. Forbid it, Fortune!

Ant. O, may you so, Sir!

Clo. Aye! Sir, hay! What, you are come to
self I find, 'Heart!

Cha. Aye, aye, give him a little Time,
think better on't, I warrant you.

Car. Perhaps, fair Creature, I have done
Wrong, whose plighted Love and Hope went
in Hand together; but I conjure you, think my
were hateful after so base, so barbarous an Ad-
parting 'em: What! to lay waste at once for ever
all the gay Blossoms of your forward Fortune,
promis'd Wishes of your young Desire, your fruitful
Beauty, and your springing Joy; your thriving
Softness, and your cluster'd Kisses, growing on
Lips of Love, devour'd with an unthirsty Insatiable
Appetite! O forbid it, Love! forbid it, Nature!
Humanity! I have no Land, no Fortune, Life,
Being, while your Necessity of Peace requires
Say! or give me Need to think your smallest
depends on my objected Ruin; my Ruin is my
ty there; my Fortune, or my Life resign'd with
so your Account of happy Hours were thence
rais'd to any added Number.

Cha. Why aye! there's some Civility in this.

Clo. The Fellow really talks very prettily.

Car. But if in bare Compliance to a Father's Will
you now but suffer Marriage, or what will you

... give it as an extorted Bond, impos'd on the
 ...licity of your Youth, and dare confess you
 ... some honest Friend would save, or free you
 ... his hard Conditions; I then again have Land,
 ... Life, and Resolution, waiting still upon your
 ... or Fortune.

[To Cl.] Ha, ha! pert enough, that! I Gad! I long to
 ... what this will come to!

[To Cl.] In Truth, unless some Body is marry'd
 ... gently, the Binner will be spoil'd, and then —
 ... Body will be able to eat it.

[To Cl.] Brother, I say, let's remove the Lady.

[To Cl.] Force her from him!

[To Cl.] 'Tis too late! I have a Figure here! Sooner
 ... all Bodies leave their Shade; as well you might
 ... mpt to shut old Time into a Den, and from his
 ... ny Wings wash the swift Hours away, or steal
 ... nity to stop his Glas; so fix'd, so rooted here is
 ... y growing Thought of her.

[To Cl.] Gads me; what, now it's troublesome again,

[To Cl.] Consider, fair One, now's the very Crisis, of
 ... Fate: You cannot have it sure, to ask if Honour
 ... the Parent of my Love: If you can love for
 ... ve, and think your Heart rewarded there, like
 ... young Vines we'll curl together, circling our
 ... in never-ending Joy; we'll spring together,
 ... we'll bear one Fruit; one Joy shall make us
 ... le, one Sorrow mourn; one Age go with us, one
 ... of Death shall close our Eyes, and one cold
 ... ve shall hold us happy — Say but you hate me
 ... ! O speak! Give but the softest Breath to that
 ... asporting Thought!

[To Cl.] Need I then speak; to say, I'm far from
 ... ing you — I would say more, but there is
 ... thing fit for me to say.

[To Cl.] I'll bear it no longer —

[To Cl.] On this you may depend, I cannot like that
 ... marriage was propos'd me.

[To Cl.] How shall my Soul requite this Goodness?

[To Cl.] Beyond Patience! This is down-right Inso-
 ... ! Roguery! a Rape!

Ant.

34 LOVE makes a MAN; or,

Ant. Part 'em.

Clo. Aye, aye! part 'em, part 'em.

D. Lew. Doll! dum! dum! —

[Sings, and draws in their Dresses]

Cha. Call an Officer, I'll have 'em forc'd a fund.

Ang. Nay, then I am reduc'd to take Protection here.

[Goes to Call Business.]

Car. O Extasy of Heart! transporting Joy!

D. Lew. Lorra! Dorrol! Loll! [Sings and dances]

Cha. A Plot! a Plot against my Honour! Murder! Treason! Gun-powder! I'll be reveng'd!

Ant. Sir, you shall have Satisfaction.

Cha. I'll be reveng'd!

Ant. Carlos, I say, forego the Lady.

Car. Never, while I have Sense of Being, Life or Motion.

Clo. You won't! Gadso! What, then I find must lug out upon this Business? *Allons!* the Lady, Sir.

D. Lew. Lorra! Dorrol! Loll!

[Presenting his Point to Carlos]

Cha. I'll have his Blood!

Car. Hold, Uncle! Come, Brother, sheath your Anger — I'll do my best to satisfy you all — but first, I would intreat a Blessing here.

Ant. Out of my Doors! thou art no Son of mine.

[Exit Antonio]

Car. I am sorry I have lost a Father, Sir — you, Brother, since once you had a seeming Hope, lieu of what you've lost, half of my Birth-right.

Clo. No Halves! no Halves, Sir; the whole Lady.

Car. Why, then the Whole, if you can like it Terms.

Clo. What Terms? What Terms? Come quick, quick.

Car. The first is this, — (Snatches D. Lew's Sword) Win her, and wear her; for, on my Soul, unless my Body fail, my Mind shall never yield thee up a Thought in Love.

D. Lew. God 'a Mercy, Charles! To him Boy! Gad! this Love has made a Man of him.

Car. This is the first good Sword I ever pois'd my Anger yet; 'tis sharp I'm sure; if it but hold me putting

home, I shall so hunt your Insolence! —
the Fire of ten strong Spirits in me: Wer't
a native Fencer, in so fair a Cause, I thus should
thee at the worst Desiance.

Look you, Brother, take Care of your self, I
certainly be in you the first Thrust; but if you
rather, d'ye see, we'll talk a little calmly about
Business.

Away, Trifler! I would be loth to prove thee
ward too.

Coward! Why then, really, Sir, if you
Midriff's the Word, Brother; you are a Son
Whore — Allons!

[They fight, and Clodio is disarm'd.

His Blood! I say, his Blood! I'll have it,
all the Scars and Wounds of Honour in my Fa-
[Exit.

There, Sir, take your Life — and mend
— be gone without Reply.

Are you wounded, Sir?

Only in my Fears for you: How shall we
us, Uncle?

Positively, we are not safe here, this La-
being an Heiress: Follow me.

Good Angels guard us. [Exeunt with Ang.

Gadso! I never fenc'd so ill in all my Life
— never in my Life, split me!

Enter Monsieur.

Sire, here be de Trompeté, de Hauté-Boy,
Musique, de Maitre Dancer, dat descer to know if
be please to 'avé de Masque begin.

Hay! What does this Puppy say now?

Sire, de Musique.

Why aye — that's true — but — tell 'em —

on 'em, tell 'em they are not ready tun'd,

Sire, dare is all Tuné, all preparé.

Aye! Why then, tell 'em that my Brother's

again, and has spoil'd all, and I am bubbled,

so I shan't be marry'd 'till next Time: But I

thought with him, and he has disarm'd me; and

won't release the Land, nor give me my Mi-

strefs

36 LOVE makes a MAN, or,
Shew again; and I — I am undone, that's all. [Exit]

Enter Charino, Antonio, Officers, and Servants

Cha. Officer, do your Duty: I say, seize 'em

Ant. Carry 'em this Minute before a — How now
what a' he'd!

Cha. Ha! my Girl! my Child! my Heir! I
am abus'd! I am cheated! I am robb'd! I am
vill'd! murder'd! and slung in a Ditch.

Ant. Who let 'em out? Which Way went the
Villains?

Ser. Sir, we had no Order to stop them; but they
went out at that Door, not six Minutes ago.

Cha. I'll pursue 'em with Bills, Warrants, Adversary
Writs, and Malice: I'm a Lawyer, Sir; they shall
find I understand Ruin.

Ant. Nay, they shall be found, Sir; run you
the Port, Sirrah, see if any Ships are going off, and
bring us Notice immediately.

Enter Sancho drunk.

San. Ban, ban, Cac-caliban! [Exit]

Ant. Here comes a Rogue, I'll warrant, knock
the Bottom of all! Where's my Son, Villain?

San. Hick-up! — Son, Sir!

Cha. Where's my Daughter, Sirrah?

San. Daughter, Sir! hick-up!

Cha. Aye, my Daughter, Rascal!

San. Why, Sir, they told me just now, Sir —
that she's, hick-up! she's run away.

Ant. Dog, where's your Master?

San. My Master! why they say he is — hick-up!

Ant. Where, Sirrah?

San. Why, he is — he is — gone along with her

Ant. Death! you Dog, discover him, or —

San. Sir, I will — I will.

Ant. Where is he, Villain?

San. Where, Sir! Why, to be sure he is —
is — upon my Soul, I don't know, Sir.

Ant. No more trifling, Rascal.

San. If I do, Sir, I wish this may be my Pay.

Re-
Aye,
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tell 'em th
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y Snuff-b
are again
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in haste!

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Du. Madan
That's do
ave him.
Pray, N
Nothing
I am son
y, Neph

Death! you Dog, get out of my House, or

— So, Sir, have you found him?

Re-enter the Servant hastily, and Claudio.

Aye, Sir! have you found 'em?

Yes, Sir, I had Sight of 'em; but they were
got on Board a small Vessel, before I could over-
'em.

Death and Furies!

Whither were they bound, Sirrah?

Sir, I could not discover that; but they sail'd
before the Wind, with a very smart Gale.

What shall we do, Brother?

Be as smart as they, Sir; follow 'em! follow

Send to the Port this Moment, and secure a
I'll pursue 'em thro' all the Elements!

I'll follow you, by the Northern Star.

Run to the Port again, Rogue; hire a Ship,
tell 'em they must hoist Sail immediately.

And, you Rogue, run to my Chamber, fill
my Snuff-box — Cram it hard, you Dog, and
be again before you get thither.

What, will you take nothing else, Boy?

Nothing, Sir, but Snuff and Opportunity —
in haste! *Allons! hey! Je vole.*

ACT III.

The SCENE Lisbon.

Enter Elvira, Don Duart, and Governor.

EAR Brother, let me intreat you, stay;
why will you provoke your Danger?

Madam, my Honour must be satisfy'd.

That's done already, by the degrading Blow
he has receiv'd.

Pray, Niece, what is it has incens'd him?

Nothing but a needful Quarrel.

I am sorry for him — To whom is all
my, Nephew?

38 LOVE makes a MAN, or,

D. Du. To you, Sir, or any Man that dares oppose me.

Gov. Come, you are too boisterous, Sir; and this vain Opinion of your Courage, taken on your late Success in Duelling, makes you daily shun'd by Men of civil Conversation: For Shame, leave off these senseless Brawls; if you are valiant, as you would be thought, turn out your Courage to the Wars; let your King and Country be the better for't.

D. Du. Yes, so I might be General — Sir, no Man living shall command me.

Gov. Sir, you shall find that here in Lisbon I will be every Hour follow'd with Complaints of your Behaviour from Men of almost all Conditions; and my Authority, which you presume will bear you out, because you are my Nephew, no longer shall protect you now: Expect your next Disorder to be punish'd with as much Severity, as his that is a Stranger to my Blood.

D. Du. Punish me! You, nor your Office dare nor do't.

Gov. Away! Justice dares do any Thing she ought.

Elv. Brother, this brutal Temper must be cast off. When you can master that, you gladly shall command my Fortune. But if you still persist, expect my Prayers and Vows for your Conversion only; but never Means, or Favour.

D. Du. Fire! and Furies! I am tutor'd here like a mere School-boy! Women shall judge of Injuries and Honour! — For you, Sir — I was born free, and will not curb my Spirit, nor is it for your Authority to tempt it: Give me the Usage of a Man of Honour, or 'tis not your Government shall protect you. [Exit]

Gov. I am sorry to see this, Niece, for your Satisfaction.

Elv. Would he were not my Brother.

Enter Don Manuel, and Sailors, with Angelina.

D. Ma. Divide the Spoil amongst you: This Captive I only challenge for my self.

Gov. Ha! some Prize brought in.

Sail. Sir, she's yours; you fought, and well serve her.

Gov. Noble Don Manuel! welcome on Shore! I
you are fortunate; for I presume that's some un-
common Prize.

D. Ma. She is indeed — These ten Years I have
own the Sea, and many rough Engagements there;
I never saw so small a Bark so long defended, with
such incredible Valour, and by two Men scarce
m'd roo.

Gov. Is't possible?

D. Ma. Nay, and their Contempt of Death, when
ten, exceeds even all they acted in their Freedom.

Gov. Pray tell us, Sir.

D. Ma. When they were brought aboard us, both
arm'd, and ready to be fetter'd, they look'd as they
sworn never to take the Bread of Bondage, and
a sudden snatching up their Swords, (the younger
first from this fair Maid a Farewel only with
Eyes) both leapt into the Sea.

Gov. 'Tis wonderful indeed.

D. Ma. It wrought so much upon me, (had not our
Safety hinder'd, at that Time a great Ship pur-
suing us) I wou'd in Charity have rais'd 'em up, and
with their Lives they should have had their Liberty.

Ang. Too late, alas! they're lost! (Heart-wounding
thought!) for ever lost! — I now am friendless,
wretched, and a Slave.

D. Ma. Take Comfort, Fair One, perhaps you yet
may see 'em: They were not quite a League
from Shore, and with such Strength and Courage
broke through the rolling Waves, they cou'd not fail
Life and Safety.

Ang. In that last Hope, I brook a wretched Being:
if they're dead, my Woes will find so many Doors
to let out Life, I shall not long survive 'em.

Ely. Alas! poor Lady! Come, Sir, Misery but weeps
more, when she is gaz'd on — we trouble her.

Gov. I wait on you, your Servant, Sir —

[Exit Ely. and Gov.]

D. Ma. Now, my fair Captive, tho' I confess you
unlucky, yet give me Leave to own my Heart has
been in another's keeping; therefore the Fa-

your I am about to ask, you may at least hear with Safety.

Ang. This has engag'd me, Sir, to hear.

D. Ma. These three Years I have honourably lov'd a noble Lady, her Name *Louisa*, the beautiful Niece of Great *Ferrara's* Duke: Her Person and Fortune uncontroll'd, sole Mistress of her self and me, who long have languish'd in an hopeless Constancy. Now I perceive, in all your Language, and your Looks, a softning Power, nor can a Suit by you promoted, be deny'd: Therefore I wou'd a while entreat your Leave to recommend you, as her Companion to this Lady's Favour: And (as I am sure you'll soon be near her closest Thoughts) if you can think upon the honest Courtesies I hitherto have shewn your Majesty, and in your happy Talk, put name with any Mark of Favour me, or my unwearied Love, 'twould be a generous Act wou'd fix me ever grateful to her Memory.

Ang. Such poor Assistance, Sir, as one distressed like me, can give, shall willingly be paid: If I can steal but any Thoughts from my own Misfortune, rest assur'd they'll be employ'd in healing yours.

D. Ma. I'll study to deserve this Goodness; for the present, think my poor House your own; to Night I'll wait on you to the Lady, 'till when, am your Guard.

Ang. You have bound me to your Service —

[*Exeunt D. Manuel and Angelina*]

The SCENE changes to a Church, the Vespers supposed to be just ended, several walking out. *Carlos* and *Don Lewis* rising near *Louisa* and *Honorata*. *Louisa* observing *Carlos*.

Hon. Come, Madam, shall we walk out? *The Crowd's* pretty well over now.

Lou. But then that melancholy Softness in his Look!

Hon. Cousin! *Denna Louisa!*

Lou. Ev'n in his Devotions too, such graceful Adoration — so sweet a —

Hen. Cousin, will you go?

Con. Pshaw, Time enough — Prithee let's walk
while this Way.

Hen. What's the Matter with her?

[They walk from D. Lewis and Carlos.]

Car. To what are we reserv'd?

D. Lew. For no Good, I am afraid — my ill
luck don't use to give over, when her Hand's in;
it's always in haste — One Misfortune generally

comes galloping in upon the Back of another —

knowing we have escap'd miraculously; wou'd the

cur of Hanging were over too; our being so strange-

ly sav'd from one, smells damnable-rank of the

other. Tho' I am oblig'd to thee, Charles, for what

I have, and I'll thank thee for't, if ever I set

upon my Estate again: Faith, I was just gone;

thou hadst not taken me upon thy Back the last

hundred Yards, by this Time I had been Food for

Worms and Mackarel — But it's pretty well as

it is; for there is not much Difference between Star-

ving and Drowning — all in good Time —

we are poor enough on Conscience, and I don't

know, but two Days more Fasting, might really

make us hungry too.

Con. They are Strangers then, and seem in some

necessity.

[Aside.]

Car. These are light Wants to me, I find 'em none,

when weigh'd with Angelina's Loss; when I reflect

on her Distress, the Hardships and the Cries of help-

less Bondage, the insolent, the deaf Desires of Men

of Power; O! I could wish the Fate that sav'd us

in the Ocean's Fury, in kinder Pity of our Love's

Distress, had bury'd us in one Wave embracing.

Con. How tenderly he talks! This were indeed a

lover!

[Aside.]

D. Lew. A most unhappy Loss indeed! but come,

let despair, Boy: The Ship that took us, was a

Portuguese, of Lisbon too, I believe; who knows but

some Way or other we may hear of her yet?

Car. In that poor Hope I live — O thou dread

Supremous Author of universal Being, and

of thy wondrous Works, that Virgin-Wife, the
 flatter-piece, look down upon her; let the bright
 virtues of her untainted Mind, sue for, and protect
 O let her Youth, her spotless Innocence, to which
 Passages in Heaven stand open, appear before
 Throne distress'd, and meet some Miracle to save

Lou. Who would not die, to be so pray'd for?

D. Lew. Faith, *Charles*, thou hast pray'd heard
 I'll say that for thee; so that if any good Fortune
 will pay us a Visit, we are ready to receive her
 as soon as she pleases. Come, don't be melancholy

Car. Have I not Cause? Were not my Fortune
 Faith superior to my hopeless Reason, I could
 bear the Insults of my Fortune; but I have ruin'd
 my self, by elevated Faith, as far above Despair
 Reason lifts me from the Brute.

D. Lew. Why, now, would not this make any
 weep, to hear a young Man talk so finely, when
 is almost famish'd?

Lou. What were you saying, Cousin?

Hon. I would have said, Madam, but you would
 not hear me.

Lou. Pristhee forgive me, I was in the odd
 Thought; let's walk a little. I'll have him dog
 (*Aside.*) *Jacques!* (*Whispers.*) What was't you
 me, Cousin?

Hon. The Reason of your Aversion to Don *Matthias*
 you know he loves you.

Lou. I hate his Love.

Hon. But why, pray? You know he's honour'd
 so is his Family; nor is his Fortune less: I should
 think, the more desirable, because his Courage
 his Conduct on the Seas have rais'd it; nay, with
 this, he's extremely modest too.

Lou. Therefore, I might hate him.

Hon. For his Modesty?

Lou. Is any Thing so sleepy, so flat, and insup-
 portable, as a modest Lover?

Hon. Would you bear Impudence in a Lover?

Lou. I don't know; it's more tolerable in the Man
 than the Woman; and there must be Impudence

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- ase Side, before they can both come to a right
standing.
- Hon. Why, what would you have him do ?
- Lou. That's a very home Question, Cousin ; but if
k'd him, I could tell you.
- Hon. Suppose you did like him ?
- Lou. Then I would not tell you.
- Hon. Why ?
- Lou. 'Cause I should have more Discretion.
- Hon. Bless me ! sure you would not do any Thing
would be ashamed to tell ?
- Lou. That's true ; but if one should, you know
you'd be silly to tell. No Woman would be fond
Shame, sure.
- Hon. But there's no avoiding it in a shameful
tion.
- Lou. Don't be so positive.
- Hon. All your Friends would shun you, point at you.
- Lou. And yet you see there's a World of Friendship
good Breeding among all the Women of Quality.
- Hon. Suppose there be ?
- Lou. Why then, I suppose, that a great many of
m are mightily hurry'd in the Care of their Re-
tation.
- Hon. So you conclude, that a Woman doing an
Thing, does herself no Harm, while her Repu-
tion's safe.
- Lou. It does not do her so much Harm ; and, of
Evils, I'm always for chusing the least.
- Hon. What need you chuse either ?
- Lou. Because I have a vast Fortune in my own
nds, and love dearly to do what I have a Mind to.
- Hon. Why, won't you marry then ?
- Lou. Because then I must only do what my Hus-
nd has a Mind to ; and I hate to be govern'd ; on
Soul, I would not marry, to be an *English* Wife ;
but the dear Jolting of a Hackney Coach, and
easy Husband, are strange Temptations ; but from
cold Comfort of a fine Coach with Springs, and
all Husband with none, good Lord deliver me !
then, the Insolence of ours is insupportable, be-
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cause the nasty Laws gives 'em a Power over which Nature never design'd 'em. For my Part, had rather be in Love all Days of my Life, than marry.

Hon. That is, you had rather bear the Disease than have the Cure.

Lou. Marriage is indeed a Cure for Love; but Love's a Disease I wou'd never be cur'd of; therefore, no more Physick, dear Cousin; no more Bands ——— I hate your bitter Draughts ——— Not but I am afraid I am a little Feverish ——— You'll think me mad.

Hon. What's the Matter?

Lou. Did you observe those Strangers that have walk'd by us?

Hon. Not much, but what of them?

Lou. Did you hear nothing of their Talk?

Hon. I think I did; one of 'em, the young one, seem'd concern'd for a lost Mistress.

Lou. Aye, but so near, so tenderly concern'd, by his Looks, as well as Words, speaking an inward Grief that could not flow from the Result of every common Passion: I must know more of him.

Hon. What do you mean?

Lou. ——— Must speak to him.

Hon. By no means.

Lou. Why, you see they are Strangers; I believe in some Necessity; and since they seem not born to beg Relief, to offer it unask'd, would add some Merit to the Charity.

Hon. Consider.

Lou. I hate it ——— Sir ——— Sir ———

D. Lew. Would you speak with me, Madam?

Lou. If you please, with your Friend ——— to interrupt you, Sir.

Car. Your Pleasure, Lady?

Lou. You seem a Stranger, Sir.

Car. A most unfortunate one.

Lou. If I am not deceiv'd, in Want: Pardon me Freedom ——— if I have err'd, as freely tell me so; if not, as earnest of your better Fortune, this Title suits for your Acceptance.

D. Lew.

Lew. Take it, Boy.

A Bounty so unmerited, and from an Hand
down, fills me with Surprise and Wonder: But
me Leave, in Honesty, to warn you, Lady, of
heedless Purchase; for if you mean it as the
to any Evil you would have me practise, be-
offended if I dare not take it.

How affably he talks! how chaste! how in-
his Thoughts! he must be won! — (*Aside*) —
are too scrupulous; I have no hard Designs upon
Honesty — Only this — be wise and cau-
if you should follow me; I am observ'd,
well. *Jaques!* — Will you walk, Cousin? —
(*Offers Jaques*) — and bring me Word imme-
ely — I am going Home.

Lew. Let's see, Oddheart! follow her, Man —
'tis all Gold!

Dispose it as you please.

Lew. I'll first have a better Title to't — No,
all thine, Boy — I hold an hundred Pistoles
some great Fortune in Love with you — I
follow her — since you have lost one Wife
you had her, I'd have you make sure of ano-
before you lose her.

Fortune, indeed has dispossest'd her of my
son; but her firm Title to my Heart, not all the
Arts or Laws of Love can shake or violate.

Lew. Pristhee follow her now! methinks I'd
see thee in Bed with some Body before I die.

Be not so poor in Thought; let me entreat
rather to employ 'em, Sir, with mine, in Search
Angelina's Fortune.

Lew. Well, dear *Charles*, don't chide me now.
love thee, and I will follow thee. [*Exeunt.*

Antonio and Charino. SCENE the Street.

You hear what the Sailor said, Brother, such
has put in here, and such Persons were taken
Therefore my Advice is, immediately to get
arrant from the Government to search and take
up wherever we can find 'em.

Chas.

Cha. Sir, you must not tell me — I wou^d chous'd of my Daughter; I shall expect her, Sir, not, I'll take my Course; I know the Law. [*Walks*]

Ant. You really had a great deal of dark Wit, ther; but if you know any Course better than a Warrant to search for her, in the Name of Wisdom, it, if not, here's an Oath, and yours, and — now, where's Clody? — oh, here he comes —

Enter Clodio searching his Pockets.

How now! What's the Matter, Boy?

Clo. Aye, it's gone, split me.

Ant. What's the Matter?

Clo. The best Joint in Christendom.

Ant. Clody!

Clo. Sir, I have lost my Snuff-box.

Ant. Pshaw, a Trifle; get thee another, Man.

Clo. Sir, 'tis not to be had — besides, I can not shew my Face at *Paris* without it. What you think her Grace will say to me?

Cha. Well, upon second Thoughts, I am come to search.

Clo. I have search'd all my Pockets fifty Times over, to no Purpose.

Cha. Pockets!

Clo. It's impossible to fellow it, but in *Paris* — I'll go to *Paris*, split me.

Cha. To *Paris*? Why, you don't suppose Daughter's there, Sir?

Clo. I don't know but she may, Sir; but I ture they make the best Joints in *Europe*, there.

Cha. Joints! — my Son-in-Law that should been, seems strangely alter'd for the worse. come, let's to the Governor.

Clo. I'll have it cry'd, Faith, or, if that we do, odds, I have a lucky Thought, I'll offer the Pistoles to the Finder, in the *Paris Gazette*, in Complement to the Favours of *Madam la Dutche*.

Mum. I'll do't Faith.

Ant. Come along, Clody. [*Ex. Ant. and Cha.*]

Clo. Sir, I must look a little, I'll follow you sently; my poor pretty Box. Ah, Plague of Sea-Voyage.

Enter a Servant hastily, with a Flambeau.

By your Leave, Sir, my Master's coming;
Sir, clear the Way.

Ha! why thou art pert, my Love; prithee,
Is thy Master, Child?

The valiant Don Duart, Sir, Nephew to the
Governor of Lisbon.

Well, Child, and does he eat every Man he
meets?

No, Sir, but he challenges every Man that
crosses the Wall of him, and always sends me before,
to clear the Way.

Hah! a pretty harmless Humour that? Is
he, Child? — You may look as terrible as you
like, I must banter you, flux me.

[Aside.]

Enter Don Duart, stalking up to Clodio.

Du. Do you know me, Sir?

Hey! ho! *[Looks carelessly on him, and gazes.]*

Du. Do you know me, Sir?

You did not see my Snuff-Box, Sir, did you?

Du. Sir, in Lisbon no Man asks me a Question
I'd. *(Strikes off Clody's Hat.)* Now you know me.

Perfectly well, Sir, — Hi! hi! I like you
very well — you are not a Bully, Sir.

Du. You are sawcy, Friend.

Aye, it's a Way I have, after I'm affronted —
You art really the most extraordinary — umph —
I never I met with! Now, Sir, you do know me,
do you?

Du. Know thee! take that, Peasant!

[Strikes him, and both draw.]

I can't, upon my Soul, Sir; Allons! now we
come to a right Understanding. *[They fight.]*

Help! Murder! help!

Allons! to our better Acquaintance, Sir; Aye,
(D. Du. falls.) he has it! Never push'd better
my Life, never in my Life, split me.

O! my Master's kill'd! help ho! Murder! help!

Hay! why Faith, Child, that's very true as
thou say'st, and so the Devil take the Hindmost.

[Exit Clodio.]

Enter

48. LOVE makes a MAN, or,

Enter Officers.

1st Offi. How now! Who's that cries Murder?
Ser. O, my Master's murder'd; some of you
follow me, this Way he took! let's after him —
help! Murder! help!

2d Offi. 'Tis Don Duart.

1st Offi. So, Pride has got a Fall; he has paid for
now; you have met with your Match, Faith,
Come, let's carry the Body to the good Lady
Sister Donna Elvira; you pursue the Murderer,
warrant him some civil Gentleman; ye need
make too much Haste, for if he does 'scape, tis
great Matter — Come along. [*Exeunt with the Body*]

*Enter Carlos and Don Lewis, follow'd at some Distance
by Jaques, and Bravoes, with a Chair.*

D. Lew. Come along, Charles, I'm sure 'tis she,
their Description; and if that brawny Dog,
Captain, has play'd her no foul Play, she shan't want
Ransom, if all my Estate can purchase it.

Car. Now Fortune guide us. [*Exeunt*]

Jaques. That's he, the tallest — before you
spare his Person — only force him into this Chair
and carry him as directed.

1st Bra. What must be done with this old Fellow?

Jaques. We must have him too, lest he should do
the other, and be troublesome. If he won't come
quietly, bring him any how — follow softly, we
shall snap 'em as they turn the Corner.

*A Noise of, Follow, &c. Enter Clodio hastily from the
other Side.*

Cl. Ah! Pox of their Noses! the Dogs have find
me out! What shall I do? If they take me, I shall
hang'd, split me! — Ha! a Door open, Faith!
in at a Venture. [*Exeunt*]

*Re-enter Bravoes with Carlos in a Chain, some halting
Don Lewis.*

D. Lew. O my poor Boy Charles! — Charles!
help! Murder!

1st Bra.

Bro. Hold your Peace, Fool, if you'd be well

Lew. Sir, I will not hold my Peace; Dogs!
Villains! Help! Murder!

Bro. Nay, then by your Leave, old Gentle-
man, ———, so, bring him along.

Lew. Aw! aw! aw! *(They gag him, and carry him Head and Heels.)* [Exeunt.

SCENE a Chamber, *Elyira*, and her Servants with
Lights,

[S not my Brother come Home yet?

Ser. I have not seen him, Madam.

Ely. Go and seek him; go all of ye every where
— I'll not rest 'till you return; take away your
lights too; for my Devotions are all written in my
heart, and I shall read 'em there without a Taper.

[Exeunt Servants.

Enter Clodio stealing in.

Cl. Ah! poor *Clody*! what will become of thee?

Condition, I'm afraid, is but very indifferent —

— how'd behind! stopp'd before! and beset on both

sides! Ah! Pox o' my Wit! I must be bantering,

is it? But let me see! where am I? an odd Sort of

House this — All the Doors open, and no Body

! No Noise! no Whisper! no Dog stirring!

Ely. Who's that?

Cl. Ha! a Woman's Voice.

Ely. Who are you? Who waits there? *Stephano?*

Cl. Gadso! 'tis the Lady of the House; she can't

hide my unfortunate Face however. Faith, I'll e'en

make her a grave Speech, tell her my Case, and

seek her Protection.

Ely. Speak! what are you?

Cl. Madam, a most unfortunate young Gentleman.

Ely. I am sure you are a Man of most ill Manners,

to press thus boldly to my private Chamber: Whi-

— would you? What want you?

Cl. Gracious Madam, hear me; I am a Stranger,

and my Distress has made me

press for your Protection; if you refuse it,

E Madam,

50 LOVE makes a MAN; or,

'Madam, I am undone for ever by — I say, Madam, I am utterly undone! 'Twas coming, Faith!

Elv. Alas! his Fear confounds him. What pursues you, Sir?

Clo. An Outcry of Officers; the Law's at my Heels, Madam, tho' Justice I'm not afraid of.

Elv. How could you offend the one, and not the other?

Clo. Being provok'd, Madam, by the Insolence of my Enemy, in my own Defence, I just now kill'd him dead in the Street. I am very young, Madam, and I would not willingly be hang'd in a strange Country, methinks; which I certainly shall be, unless your tender Charity protects me — Gads! I have a rare Tongue, I have a rare Tongue, Faith!

Elv. Poor Wretch, I pity him!

Clo. Madam, your House is now my only Sanctuary, my Altar; therefore I beg you, upon my Knees, Madam, take Pity of a poor bleeding Victim.

Elv. Are you a Castilian?

Clo. No, Madam, I was born in — in — in — What d'ye call 'um — in —

Elv. Nay, I ask you not with Purpose to betray you; were you ten thousand Times a Spaniard, or a Nation we Portuguese most hate, in such Distress yet would give you my Protection.

Clo. May I depend upon you, Madam; am I false?

Elv. Safe as my Power, my Word, or Vow I will make you: Enter that Door, which leads you closer; should the Officers come, as you expect, they'll owe such Reverence to my Lodgings, they'll search no farther than my Leave invites 'em.

Clo. D'ye think, Madam, you can persuade 'em?

Elv. Fear not, I'll warrant you; away!

Clo. The Breath of Gods, and Eloquence of Angels, go along with you.

Elv. Alas, who knows but that the Charity I shew for this Stranger, perhaps, my Brother elsewhere may stand in Need of. How he trembles! I hear his Breath come short hither. Be of Comfort, Sir,

I say, I give you my solemn Promise for your
 ng, Faith.

[*Enter Servant and Officers, with Don Duart's Body.*
 What

er. Here, bring in the Body ——— O ! Madam,
 Master's kill'd.

ly. What say'st thou ?

er. Your Brother, Madam, my Master young Don
 er's dead; he just now quarrell'd with a Gentle-
 er, who unfortunately kill'd him in the Street.

ly. Ah me !

Off. We are inform'd, Madam, that the Mur-
 der was seen to enter this House, which made us
 shall be, into it to apprehend him.

—— God !

ly. Oh ! Help, Ho, my Lady faints.

[*Off. Give her Air, she'll recover. [Clodio peeps in.*

ly. Hay ! ——— why, what the Devil ! am I safer

I would be, now ? ——— Exactly ——— I have

d the House to an Hair ——— Just so I did at

too, when I took a Lodging at a Bailiff's that

three Writs against me ——— This damn'd Closet

has ne'er a Chimney to creep out at ——— Ah !

Clody ! wou'd thou wert fairly in a Storm at

again, for I am plaguily afraid thou wert not

to be drown'd. [*Retire.*

Stand off, my Sorrows will have Way ; O

unhappy Brother ! such an End as this thy

thy Mind long since did prophesy ! and to in-

my Misery, thy wretched Sister wilfully

make a Breach of what she has vow'd, or thou

unreveng'd : Revenge and Justice both stand

cking at my Heart, but hospitable Faith has

d their Entrance ; if I shou'd give 'em Way, I

forsworn ; if not, am impious to a Brother's

honor. Is there no Means ? no middle Path of

ly left ? must I protect my Brother's Murderer ?

break a solemn Vow, on which another's Life

nds ?

Enter Governor and Servants.

Where's this unhappy Sight ? — Alas ! he's

past all Recovery. Reproof comes now too late.

52 LOVE makes a MAN; or,

Elv. It shall be so; I'll take the lighter Evil of the two, and keep the solemn Vow to which Heaven was Witness: The Wounds of Perjury never can be cur'd, but Justice may again o'ertake the Murderer, when no rash Vows protect him.

Gov. Take Comfort, Niece.

Elv. O forbear; search for the Murderer, and move the Body at your Discretion, Sir, to be interr'd while I shut out th'offensive Day, and here in Solitude indulge my Sorrow; therefore I beg of my nearest Friends, and you, my Lord, for some few Days, to spare your charitable Visits.

Gov. I grieve for your Misfortune, Niece; but since you'll have it so, we take our Leaves; farewell — Bring forth the Body.

Clo. Hay! what, are they gone away with me? and by her Contrivance-too, — Gadso!

Elv. Whoe'er thou art, to whom I've given Measure of Life, to let thee see with what Religion I have kept my Vow, come fearless forth, while Night thy Friend, and pass unknown.

Clo. If this is not Love, the Devil's in't.

Elv. Fly with thy utmost Speed, where I may never see thee more.

Clo. Aye, that's her Modesty.

Elv. And let that charitable Faith thou hast fastid in me, persuade thee to atone thy Crime by Penitence.

Clo. Poor Soul, I may find a better Way to than thee for't.

Elv. You are at the Door now, farewell for ever.

Clo. Which is as much as to say, what would I give to see you again — All in good Time, Child.

ACT IV.

Enter D. Duart in his Night-Gown, Surgeon, and Servant.

D. Du. MAY I venture yet Abroad, Sir?

Sir. With Safety, Sir; your Wound is never dangerous; though from your great Labour

and, you
D. Du.
ounded
Sir. He
ould hear
D. Du. I
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l for ever
what wou
me, Child-

od, you seem'd a while without all Signs of Life;
D. Du. Sir, do you know if the Gentleman that
ounded me, be in Custody?
Ser. He was never taken, Sir, nor known, that I
ould hear of.
D. Du. I am sorry for't; for could I find him,
which now shall be my earnest Care, I would with
Services acknowledge him my best of Friends,
having prov'd so fortunate an Enemy; he has
ow'd on me a second Life, which, from a clear
light of my self, will teach me now to use it
ter too. How does my Sister seem to bear my
fortune?

Ser. I never knew the Loss of any Friend lament-
with more Sorrow; she suffers none to visit her,
is she yet acquainted with your Recovery.

D. Du. I would not have her yet, nor any of my
ends; no Moisture sooner dries, than Womens
ers; and tho' I am apt to think my Sister honest
her Sorrow, yet knowing her a Woman, still I
n resolv'd to make a farther Tryal of her Virtue.

Ser. Sir, you may command my Secrecy.

D. Du. I thank you, Sir, 'till oblige me — Boy!
Ser. Sir.

D. Du. Do you think you know again the Gentle-
an that fought me?

Ser. I believe I may, Sir.

D. Du. I'd have you suddenly enquire him out; he
m'd, by his Deport, of France, or England; if so,
u'll probable find him in some leud House or other.

Ser. Rather at Church, Sir; for no Body will
spect him there.

D. Du. Seek him every where: Come, Sir, I wait
you.

[Exeunt.

The SCENE changes to Louisa's House.

Don Manuel and Angelina.

D. Ma. Now, Madam, let my hard Fortune teach
ou a little to endure your own. You see with
that severe Neglect she still receives my humble
ove; nothing I say, or do, has any Weight or
otion in her Thoughts for me.

54 LOVE makes a MAN; or,

Ang. You are too diffident of your Fortune; would not have an honest Mind despair; she seems indeed, a little careless of you — you gave her no Offence, I'm confident. See, here she comes, take Heed how you displease her by an impatient Stray — Pray go, in the mean Time I'll think of you — indeed I will.

D. Ma. I am yours for ever — [Exeunt several]

Enter Louisa and Jaques, Servants waiting.

Lew. Were they both seiz'd?

Jaq. Both, Madam, and will be here immediately; I ran before, to give your Ladyship Notice.

Lew. You know my Orders; when they are enter'd bar all the Doors, and on your Lives, let every one be mute, as I directed you — I must retire a While. [Exeunt]

Enter Bravoes, who let Carlos out of the Chair, while others throw down Don Lewis gagg'd and bound.

Car. So, Gentlemen, you find I've not resisted you — but now pray let me know my Crime? where have you brought me hither? where am I? if in Prison, look in my Face, perhaps you have mistaken me for another. [Jaques holds up his Lanthorn, and Exit with the rest]

You seem to know me, Sir, — All dumb, and misl'd; my Fortune's humorous, she sports with me.

D. Lew. Aw! aw!

Car. What's here! a Fellow Prisoner! Who are you?

D. Lew. Aw! aw!

Car. Do you speak no other Language?

D. Lew. Aw! aw! aw!

Car. Nay, that's the same.

D. Lew. Oh!

Car. Poor Wretch! I am afraid he would speak he could.

Re-enter Jaques and Servants, with Lights, who leave Don Lewis.

Sure they think I walk in my Sleep, and won't speak, for fear of waking me.

D. Lew.

Lew. Sir, your most humble Servant; and now
Tongue's at Liberty, pray will you do me the
Honor to shew me the Way Home again?

Charles. A Pox, are you all dumb! — [Exit mute.

Lew. Sir, and pray what are — Charles! ah! my
Boy! [Kisses him.

Lew. My Uncle! nay then, my Fortune has not
forsoaken me! How came you hither, Sir?

Lew. Faith, like a Corps into Church, Boy,
on my Heels foremost; but prithee how didst thou
come?

Lew. You saw the Men that seiz'd us, they forc'd
me into a Chair, and brought me.

Lew. Well, but a Pox plague 'em, what is all
this for? what wou'd they have?

Lew. That we must wait their Pleasure to be in-
form'd of; they have indeed alarm'd my Reason,
my Conscience, that's still at rest, fearless of
Danger.

Lew. The Sons of Whores won't speak neither:
Day! what's to be done now?

Lew. Jaques, and Servants with a Banquet, Wine, and
Lights.

Lew. More Riddles yet! I dream sure.

[Jaques complements D. Lewis to take his Chair.

Lew. For me? Sir, your most humble Servant:

Charles! sit down, Boy.

Charles! ha! ha! a Parcel of silly dumb Dogs! Is this
the Business? Puppies! did they think I wou'd
come to Supper, without being brought Neck
and Heels to't?

Lew. Amazement all! What can it end in?

Lew. Never trouble thy Head, prithee; Pox of
all Sorts; fall to, Man — Delicate Food truly —

Dumb! Prithee give's a Glass of Wine, to
cheer the Way a little? Come, Charles, here's, here's
to honest Dumb's Health to thee: [drinks] Dumb's
my honest Fellow, Faith. [Claps Jaques on the Head.

Lew. What Harmony's this? [A Flourish.

Lew. Rare Musick indeed! let's eat and hear it.

[Musick here.

Mightry

56 LOVE makes a MAN, or,

Mighty fine, truly — I have not made an hour's Meal a great while.

[Here Jaques offers a Night-Gown and Cap to D. Lewis.] Well, and what's to do now, Lad? for me, B. Odsso! we lie here, do we? — mighty well, again; Faith; (for I was just thinking to go home but that I had ne'er a Lodging:) Nay, I always honest Dumb knew how to make his Friends come — Well, but it's Time enough yet, that we crack a Bottle first? Charles is melancholly.

[Jaques shakes his Head.] What! that's as much as to say, if I won't go, shall be carry'd — Sir, your humble Servant. [Puts on the Gown.] Well, Charles, good Night, for they won't let me have a Mind to stay any longer. I'd give a Pistole tho', to know what this will come to! Dumb, come along.

Car. I'm bury'd in Amazement — Why am I busy'd thus in Trifles, having so many new Thoughts that wound my Peace — Ha, more sick! I could almost say, 'twere welcome now.

[A SONG here; which ended, D. Lewis appears alone.]

D. Lew. So! at last I have grop'd out a Window that will let me into the Secret: Now, if any Play should happen, I am pretty near the Streets and can baul out Murder to the Watch — But Mum! the Door opens!

Enter Louisa.

Hay! ah! what dull Rogues were we, not to find this before! — Dumb's a sly Dog; 'tis she, Puss — rum, dum, dum — here will be fine Work presently, toll, dum, di, dum — Now I shall see what Mettle my Boy's made of, rum, dum, dum.

Lou. You seem amaz'd, Sir.

Car. Your Pardon, Lady, if I confess it is much my Wonder, why a Stranger, friendless, unknown, should meet, unmirited, such Floods of Courtesy? for, if I mistake not, once this Day fore, I've tasted of your Bounty.

Lou. I have forgot that; but I confess I saw Sir.

or,

The FOP's Fortune.

57

Why then was I forc'd hither? If you reliev'd
only from a soft Compassion of my Fortune, you
not think but such Humanity might on the
rest Hint have drawn me to be grateful.

I own I cou'd not trust you to my Fortune; I
not but some other might have seen you —
me, methought you spoke less kind to me before.

If my poor Thanks were offer'd in too plain a
(as I confess, I'm little practis'd in the Rules
of Behaviour) rather think me ignorant, than
and pity what you cannot pardon.

Eye! you are too modest — how cou'd you
your self with such a Thought? I scarce can
it's in your Nature to be rude — at least to
Sex —

'Twere more unpardonable there.

Nay, now you are too strict on the other Side;
here may happen Times, when that the World
Rudeness, a Woman might be brought to Par-
Seasons, when even Modesty were Ignorance —
be seated, Sir, — nay, I'll have it so — I

sometimes too much Respect [pray be nearer,
were most offensive: Suppose a Woman were re-
d to offer Love, her Pains of Shame are insup-
portable; and shou'd she call that Lover rude, who
fully conscious of her Wishes, bravely resolves to
and saves her Modesty the Guilt of giving.

Excuse your self the Man so low'd, where cou'd
find, at such a Time, Excuses for your Modesty?
If I cou'd love again, my Eyes wou'd tell
if not, I shou'd not easily believe; at least, in
matters, wou'd not seem to understand her.

Alas! you have too poor a Sense of Woman's
Senses. Think you we have no Invention? you
wou'd not understand her, how wou'd you avoid it?
In ev'n her slightest Look wou'd speak too plain
that Excuse; if not, she'd still proceed — Thus
steal your Hand, and sigh, and press it to her
heart, and then look wishing in your Eyes, 'till Love
shot forth, and wak'd you to Compassion.

Amazing! can she be the Creature she de-
scribes?

Lom.

Lou. O! they have such subtle Ways to steal into a Lover's Heart; nay, if she's resolute, not all the Strength of Modesty can guard you; she'd press still with plainer, stronger Proofs; her Life, her Fortune shou'd be yours: For where a Woman loves, such Gifts as these are Trifles; thus like the lazy Minutes wou'd she steal 'em on; which once but pass are quite forgotten. [Gives him Jewel]

Car. Is't possible! can there be such a Woman?

Lou. Fye! I cou'd chide you now; you wou'd be sure be thought so slow of Apprehension!

Car. I wou'd not willingly be thought so vain, or uncharitable, to suppose there cou'd be such a one.

Lou. Nay, now you force me to forsake my Silence and tell you plain—I cannot speak it—you must know—but tell me, must I needs be to own a Passion, that's so tender of you? I am a Creature so reduc'd for you, and all you've seen proposed was natural, all but the soft Result of growing Love.—Why are you still thus fix'd, and silent? what is't you fear?

Car. Monstrous! [Aside and rises]

Lou. What is't you start at?

Car. Not for your Beauty, tho' I confess you lead to a Perfection, compleat in all that may engage the Eye: But when that Beauty fades, (as Time leaves none unvisited) what Charm shall then secure Love? Your Riches? no—an honest Mind's above the Bribes of Fortune: For tho' distress'd, a Stranger find in Want, I thus return 'em thankless: Be modest and be virtuous, I'll admire you; all good Men adore you, and when your Beauty, and your Fortune are no more, will still deliver down your Name to ver'd to Ages: But while you thus enslave your generous Reason to so intemperate a Folly, your very Nature seems inverted: Cou'd you but one Moment calmly lay it by, you'd find such a vile Indignity to your Sex, as Modesty could never pardon.

Lou. If I appear too free a Lover, and talk beyond the usual Courage of my Sex, forgive me; I'll be gain the fearful, softening Wretch, that you'd have me: My Wishes shall be dumb, unless my Eyes

or, steal in; or if I dare to touch your Hand, it shall
not all tremble, and unperceiv'd as Air; nay,
and silent as your Shade, I'll watch whole
Nights content, and listening to your Slum-
ber. Is this Intemperance? for pity speak, for I
see your hard Reproofs have struck upon my
Heart! O! say you will be mine, and make your own
conditions. If you suspect my Temper, bind me
with the most sacred Tye, and let my Love, my Per-
son, and my Fortune, lawfully be yours.

Car. Take heed! consider yet, if ev'n this Humi-
lity be not the Off-spring of your first unruly Passion:
since at least it carries something a better Claim
to my Concern, I'll be at once sincere, and tell you
it is impossible that we should ever meet in Love.

Lew. Impossible! O! why?
Car. Because my Love, my Vows, and Faith, are
given to another: Therefore, since you find I dare be
true, be early wise, and now release me to my
peace and silence.

Lew. I cannot part with you!

Car. You must; I cannot with my Reason —
let me pass! Why do you thus hang upon my
Heart, and strain your Eyes, as if they had Power to
engage me?

Lew. Ungrateful! Will you go? Take Heed! for you
have prov'd I am not Mistress of my Temper.

Car. I see it, and am sorry, but needed not this
Heat to drive me; for still I dare be just, and force
myself away.

[Exit Carlos.

Lew. O Torture! left! refus'd! despis'd! Have I
torn off my Pride for this? O! insupportable! —
I am not reveng'd, may all the — well.

[Walks disorder'd.

Lew. What a Pox, are all these fine Things come
nothing then? — Poor Soul! she is in a great
truly — Ah! silly Rogue! — now could I
be in my Heart to put her into good Humour again —
she has a great Mind, Faith — Odd! she's a hammer,
— A strange Mind, I han't had such a Mind a great
while — Hay! — aye! I'll do't Faith — if she
but stay now; ah! if she does but stay! [As he

60 LOVE makes a MAN; or,

is getting from the Balcony, Lewis is speaking to Jac.

Lou. Who waits there?

Enter Jacques.

Where's the Stranger?

Jac. Madam, I met him just now walking about the Gallery.

Lou. Are all the Doors fast?

Jac. All barr'd, Madam.

Lou. Put out all the Lights too, and on your Let no one ask or answer him to any Question: Be you still near to observe him. [Exit Jac]

Ah! [Don Lewis drops down.]

D. Lew. Odso! my Back!

Lou. Bless me, who's this? what are you?

D. Lew. Not above fifty, Madam.

Lou. Whence come you? what's your Business?

D. Lew. Finishing.

Lou. Who shew'd, who brought you hither?

D. Lew. Dumb, honest Dumb.

Lou. Will you be gone, Sir? I have no Time fool away.

D. Lew. Yes, but you have; what! don't I know?

Lou. Pray, Sir, who! what is't you take me for?

D. Lew. A delicate Piece of Work truly, but finish'd; you understand me.

Lou. You are mad, Sir.

D. Lew. I say, don't you be modest; for these Times, do you see, when ev'n Modesty is Ignorant — pray be seated, Madam — nay, I'll have it so! [Sits down, and mimicks her Behaviour to Lou]

Lou. Confusion! have I expos'd my self to a Wretch too! had Witnesses of my Folly — I don't deserve it. [Stands up]

D. Lew. So! so! I shall bring her to Terms presently — you have a World of pretty Jewels — Madam — aye, these now — these are a Couple fine large Stones truly; but where a Woman has such Gifts as these are Trifles. [Mimicks Lou]

Lou. Insupportable! within there!

Enter Servants and Bravoes.

D. Lew. Hay!

Ser. Did your Ladyship call, Madam?

The FOP's Fortune.

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Lew. I don't like her Looks, Faith. [*Aside.*
Lu. Here, take this Fool, let him be gagg'd, ty'd
 and Heels, and lock'd into a Garret; away with

Lew. Dumb! Dumb! help, Dumb! stand by me
 Aw! A Pox of my finishing, Aw! aw!

[*They gag him, and carry him off.*

Lu. The Insolence of this Fool was more provoking,
 than the others Scorn, but I shall yet find Ways to
 secure my Revenge. [*Exit Louisa.*

Re-enter Carlos in the Dark.

Car. What can this evil Woman mean me? the
 Lights all barr'd! the Lights put out! the Servants
 gone, and she with Fury in her Eyes now shot re-
 lents by me: I wou'd the worst wou'd shew it
 Ha! yonder's a Light, I'll follow it, and provoke
 my Fortune. [*Exit.*

The SCENE changes to another Room.

Angelina with a Light.

Ang. I cannot like this House; for now, as going
 to my Rest, my Ears were 'larum'd with the Cries of
 Help: that call'd for Help: I've seen strange Faces too,
 that carry Guilt and Terror in their Looks; and yet
 an Officer that plac'd me here, appear'd of honest
 looks — What can this mean? No Matter what,
 nothing, but the Loss of him I love, can worse
 afflict me! — Hark, what Noise! is the Door fast?
 [*going to shut it.*

Re-enter Carlos, and Jaques listening.

Car. Ha! another Lady! and alone!

Ja. Heavens, how I tremble!

Car. Sure, by her Surprise, she is not of the other's
 kind — Pardon this Intrusion, Lady, I am a
 stranger, and distress'd, be not dismay'd; I have no
 designs, unless to beg your charitable Assistance, be
 my life.

Ang. Ha! that Voice!

[*Amaz'd!*

Car. Save me, ye Powers! and give me Strength to
 resist this insupportable Surprise of rushing Joy.

Ang. My Carlos — oh!

62 LOVE makes a MAN; or,

Car. 'Tis she! my long lost Love, my living *Angelina*. [Embraces her]

Jaq. Say you so, Sir! this shall to my Lady. [Exit Jaques]

Ang. O! let me hold you ever thus, least Fate again should part us.

Car. 'Twas Death indeed to part; but from so long a Separation, thus again to meet, is Life restor'd; it draws whole Years to Hours, and we grow old with Joy in Moments.

Ang. O! I were happy, bless'd above my Sex, could but my plain Simplicity of Love deserve your kind Endearments.

Car. Is't possible! thou Miracle of Goodness; that thou canst thus forget the Misery, the Want, the Ruin my unhappy Love has brought thee to? Tell me, that stormy Thought has clouded ev'n the very Joy I had to see thee.

Enter Jaques and Louisa at a Distance.

Jaq. There they are; from hence your Ladyship may hear 'em.

Lou. Leave me. [Exit Jaques, and Louisa, hastily]

Ang. I cannot bear to see you thus: For my sake don't despond; for while you seem in Hope, I shall easily be cheerful.

Car. O! thou engaging Softness! thy Courage reviv'd me; no, we'll not despair; the Guardian Power that hitherto has sav'd us, may now with the Expence of Providence, protect and fix us happy.

Lou. Ha! so near acquainted! — [Beholds them]

Car. And yet our Safety bids us part this Moment. How came you hither?

Ang. The Officer that made me Captive, prov'd a worthy Man, and plac'd me here, as a Companion to the Lady of this Dwelling.

Car. Ha! to what End?

Ang. He said, to be the Advocate of his successful Love; for he confess'd he wo'd her honourably.

Car. Is't possible? Is there a Wretch so curs'd among Mankind, to be her honourable Lover.

Lou. So. [In a low voice]

Car. Take Heed, my Love, avoid her as a Devil to Modesty.

Living
embraces
Lady.
Exit Jaques
Fate again
thing.

Very well.
Oh! I have such a shameful Tale to tell thee
her Intemperance, as wou'd subject her even to thy
thing.

Insolent! — well.
You amaze me; pray what was it?
This is no Time to tell; I had forgot my Dance.
Let it suffice, the Doors are barr'd against me;
this Moment I am a Prisoner to her Fury; if
canst help me to any Means of Safety, or Escape,
me no Questions, but be quick, and tell me.

Now you frighten me; but here, through my
apartment, leads a Passage to the Garden, at the lower
you'll find a Mount; if you dare drop from
ce, I'll shew you: But can't you say when I
hope again to see you?

About an Hour hence be walking in the Gar-
den, ready for your Escape; for if I live, I'll come
provided with the Means to make it sure — Now
thank thee, Fortune.

You will not fail.
If I survive, depend on me; 'till when, may
w'n support thy Innocence.

Follow me — — [Exeunt hastily.]

Are you so nimble, Sir? Who waits there?
[Enter Jaques.] Run, take Help, and stop the Stran-
ger he is now making his Escape through the Gar-
den; fly.

[Exit Jaques.]
and Revenge, like Vipers gnaw upon my Quier,
I must change their Food, or leave my Being;
gh I cou'd bear ev'n the low Contempt he has
own on me, could it but woe him to the least Re-
of Love; but I wou'd bear again ten thousand
s, rather than confess this Dorage: No, if I fore-
second Time that dear Support, my Pride, may
come as miserable as that Wretch that destin'd
he doats on. Ha! she is return'd! yonder she
; with what assur'd Contentment in her Looks!
how pleas'd the Thing is — strangely impu-

sure! the ugly Creature thinks I won't
gle her.
ow, have you brought him? [Enter Jaques.]
F 2

[In Act]
er as a Dis-
Jaques.

64 LOVE makes a MAN; or,

Jaq. Madam, we made what Haste we cou'd, the Gentleman reach'd the Mount before us, and escap'd over the Garden Wall.

Lou. Escap'd, Villain! durst thou tell me so?

Jaq. If your Ladyship had call'd a little sooner, I had taken him.

Who the Devil is this Stranger?

Lou. Fool that I am, I betray my self to my own Servants — Well 'tis no Matter, bid the Bravos stay, I have Directions for 'em; go. — [*Exit Jaques*] He has not left me hopeless yet; an Hour hence he has promis'd to be here again; and if he keeps his Word, (as I've an odious Cause to fear he will) yet at least in my Revenge shall prove me Woman.

Exit Louisa

S C E N E the Street.

Enter D. Duart disguis'd, with a Servant.

D. Du. Where did you find him?

Ser. Hard by, Sir, at an House of civil Recreation he's now coming forth; that's he.

Enter Clodio.

D. Du. I scarce remember him, I wou'd not willingly mistake — I'll observe him.

Clo. So! now if I can but pick up an honest Fellow, to crack one healing Bottle, I think I shall finish the Day as smartly as the *Grand Seigneur* — Hold, let me see, what has my hasty Refreshment cost me here? — umb — umb — umb [*counts his Money*] seven Pistoles, by *Jupiter*; why, what plaguy Income this Jade must have in a Week, if thus paid by the Hour?

D. Du. 'Tis the same; leave me. [*Exit Servant*] Your Servant, Sir.

Clo. . . . Sir — your humble Servant.

D. Du. Pardon a Stranger's Freedom, Sir; when you know my Business —

Clo. Sir, if you'll take a Bottle, I shall be proud of your Acquaintance; and if I don't do your Business before we part, I'll knock under the Table.

D. Du. Sir, I shall be glad to drink with you, at present am incapable of sitting to't.

Why then, Sir, you shall only drink as long as you can stand; we'll have a Bottle here, Sir, —

Madona ——— [Calls at the Door.

Du. A very frank humour'd Gentleman, I'll show him farther — I presume, Sir, you are not Portuguese?

No. No, Sir — I am a kind of a ——— what d'ye call me — a Sort of a Here ——— and ——— thereian; in a Stranger no where.

Du. Have you travell'd far, Sir?

No. My Tour of Europe, or so, Sir ——— dangled a little; I came this Summer from the Jubilee.

Du. Did you make any Stay there, Sir?

No. No, Sir, I only call'd in there at the Salvation Office, just bought an Annuity of Indulgences for my Soul; got an Insurance for my Soul; lay with a Nun, and so came Home again.

Enter Servants with Wine.

So! here's the Wine! Come! Sir, to our better acquaintance ——— Faith I like you mightily ——— *monsieur! mon Cher Baisé donc!* [Kisses, drinks.

bleu cest du Bon Vin! Allons encore hey! Vire L'air! Quand Iris, &c. [Sings.

Du. I find, Sir, you have taken a Taste of all Countries you have travell'd through; but I presume, your chief Amusement has lain among the Ladies: You sav'd well in France, I hope.

No. Yes Faith, as far as my Pocket wou'd go: But the Devil a Stroke without it: No Money, no Mademoiselle: No Duke, no Dutchess; no Pistole, no Princess ——— the Way, let me tell you, Sir, your *Lisbonites* are up at a pretty smart Rate too ——— I was forc'd to come down to the Tune of seven Pistoles here ———

Man may keep a Pad of his own, cheaper than he can ride Post, split me: But, a Pox on 'em, it's no wonder the Jades are so sawcy in a Country where there are so many Swarms of unmarried Fryars, monks, and brawny Jesuits: The Game may well be there, Faith, where there are so many canonicals. Now, Sir, in England, where your Gowns and Cassocks are honestly marry'd, the right Women are as cheap as Mackerel ——— Gad, Sir, I have taken you a

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fasting Velvet Scarf out of the Side-Box there, and the Jade has jump'd at a Beef-stake and a Bottle; sometimes at Coach-hire, and a single Glass of Claret — Seven Pistoles! unconscionable! Odsheer in London now, for half the Sum, a Man might have pickt up the three first Rows of the middle Gallery.

D. Du. I find, Sir, you know England then.

Clo. Aye, Sir, and every Woman there that's worth knowing, from honest Betty Sands, to the Countess Ogletown: Yes, Sir, I do know London pretty well, and the Side-box, Sir, and behind the Scenes; aye, and the Green Room, and all the Girls and Women-Accessories there, Sir — Sir, I was a whole Winter the particular Favourite of the giggling Party — Come, Sir, if you please, here's Miss Riggle's Head to you.

D. Du. Pray, Sir, how came you so well acquainted there?

Clo. Why, Sir, I first introduc'd my self with a single Pinch of Bergamot; the next Night I presented 'em a Box full; next Day came to Rehearsal; in a Week I desir'd 'em to use my Name whenever they pleas'd, for what the Chocolate-House afforded, — upon this, I was chosen Valentine, if I don't mistake, about eleven of 'em; and in three Days more, I think it cost me fifty Guineas in Gloves, Knots, Heads, Fans, Muffs, Coffee, Tea, Snuff-boxes, Orangerie, and Chocolate.

D. Du. But, pray Sir, were you as intimate at the Play-houses?

Clo. No, stretch 'em! at the New-House they are so us'd to be Queens and Princesses, and are so often in their Airs-Royal, forsooth, that I gad! there's no reaching one of their Copper-tails there, without a long Pole, or a Settlement; split me.

D. Du. But I wonder, Sir, that in a Country so fam'd for handsome Women, the Men are so generally blam'd for their scandalous Usage of 'em.

Clo. O! damn'd scandalous, Sir — they use the Mistresses as bad as their Wives, Faith: I tell you what, Sir, I knew a Citizen's Daughter there, that ran away with a Lord, who in the first six Months

there, and
bottle; na
as of Cin
! Oddhear
might ha
e Gallery.
then.
that's wor
Countess
pretty we
es; aye, m
Women-A
Winter the
Party —
ggle's Hea
ill acquaint

er Preferment, never stirr'd out, but she made the
cry at her Equipage; — and about eight Months
I think, one Morning reeling pretty early into
ertain House in the *Savoy*, I found the self same,
off, solitary Lady, in a Room with bare Walls,
ing her dear, pretty Head there, in the corner
of a Looking-glass, prudently supported by a
rtern Brandy-Pot, upon the Head of an Oyster-
rel.

O. Du. I find few Mistresses make their Fortune
re; but pray, Sir, among all your Adventures,
no particular Lady's Merit encourag'd you to ad-
ce your own by Marriage?

Lo. Sir, I have been so near Marriage, that my
ding-Day has been come, but it never was over
; split me.

O. Du. How so, Sir?

Lo. Why, the Priest, the Bride, and the Dinner,
re all ready dress'd, Faith; but before I cou'd fall to,
elder Brother, Sir, comes in with a damn'd long
de, and a sharp Stomach — said a short Grace,
— whipp'd her up like an Oyster.

O. Du. You had ill Fortune, Sir.

Lo. Sir, Fortune is not much in my Debt, for you
t know, Sir, tho' I lost my Wife, I have 'scap'd
ging since here in *Lisbon*.

O. Du. That I know you have; be not amaz'd, Sir.

Lo. Hay! what the Devil! have I been all this
ile treating an Officer, that has a Warrant against

— Pray, Sir, if it be no Offence — may
eg the Favour to know who you are?

O. Du. Let it suffice I own my self your Friend —
an your Debtor, Sir; you fought a Gentleman
y call'd *Don Duart* — I knew him well; he
a proud insulting Fellow, and my mortal Foe;
you kill'd him, and I thank you; nay, I saw
do it fairly too; and for the Action, I desire
will command my Sword or Fortune.

Lo. Pray, Sir — is there no Joke in all this?

O. Du. There, Sir; the little All I'm Master of,
serve at present to convince you of my Sincere
I ask for no Return, but to be inform'd how I
may

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may do you farther Service. [Gives him a Paper]

Clo. Sir, your Health — I'll give you Information presently. [Drinks.] Pray, Sir, do you know the Gentleman's Sister that I fought with? that do you know what Reputation, what Fortune she has?

D. Du. I know her Fortune to be worth above twelve thousand Pistoles; her Reputation yet more fully'd: But pray, Sir, why may you ask this?

Clo. Now, I'll tell you, Sir — twelve thousand Pistoles, you say!

D. Du. I speak the least, Sir.

Clo. Why, this very Lady, after I had kill'd her Brother, gave me the Protection of her House; hid me in her Closet, while the Officers that brought the dead Body, came to search for me; and, as soon as their Backs were turn'd, poor Soul! hurry'd me out at a private Door, with Tears in her Eyes, Fair now, Sir, what think you? Is not this Hint broad enough for a Man to make Love upon?

D. Du. Confusion!

Clo. Look you, Sir, now, if you dare, give me a Proof of your Friendship; will you do me the Favour to carry me a Letter to her?

D. Du. Let me consider, Sir — Death and Fire is all her Height of Sorrow but dissembled then? — A Prostitute, ev'n to the Man suppos'd my Murderer. If it be true, the Consequence is soon resolv'd — but this requires my farther Search — May I depend on this for Truth, Sir?

Clo. Why, Sir, you don't suppose I'd banter a Lady of her Quality?

D. Du. Damnation! Well, Sir! I'll take your Letter; but first let me be well acquainted with my Errand.

Clo. Sir, I'll write this Moment; if you please we'll step into the House here, and finish the Business over another Bottle.

D. Du. With all my Heart!

Clo. Allons! Entrez.

[Exit

ACT V

ACT V.

*She is discover'd alone in Mourning, a Lamp by her.
Don Duart enters behind, disguis'd.*

THUS far I am pass'd unknown to any of the Servants — now for the Proof of what I fear — Ha! yonder she is — This close Retirement, those sable Colours, the solemn Silence attends her, no Friends admitted, nor ev'n the right to visit her: These seem to speak a real Sorrow; if not, the Counterfeit is deep indeed — I'll knock at it — Madam —

Elv. Who's there? another Murderer! where are the Servants? will nothing but my Sorrows wait on me?

D. Du. Your Pardon, Lady; I have no evil Meaning; this Letter will inform you of my Business, and excuse this rude Intrusion.

Elv. For me! whence comes it, Sir?

D. Du. The Contents, Madam, will explain to you — She seems amaz'd! looks almost thro' the Letter — I should suspect this Stranger had beloy'd me, but that he gave me such convincing Circumstances — Ha! she pauses! S'death! a Smile too! — I fear her now!

Elv. My Prayers are heard; Justice at length has overtaken the Murderer: His vow'd Protection having been strictly pay'd, I now unperjur'd may revenge my Brother's Blood. It lies on me, if I neglect this fair Occasion: But 'twere not safe to shew my Thought; therefore, to be just, I must dissemble.

[Aside.]

Ask your Pardon for my Rudeness, Sir; upon your Friend's Account, you might, indeed, have claim'd a better Welcome.

D. Du. So! then she is damn'd, I find *(Aside.)* But I have more, and bring 'em Face to Face. My Friend, Madam, thought his Visits would be unreasonable, before the sad Solemnity of your Brother's Funeral.

Elv.

Elv. A needless Fear! My Brother, Sir! Alas! I owe your Friend my Thanks, for having eas'd my Family of so scandalous a Burthen! A riotous and manner'd Fellow; I blush to speak of him.

D. Du. O! Patience! Patience! [4]

Elv. Pray let him know, his Absence was the real Cause of this mistaken Mourning: 'Tis true indeed, I give it out 'tis for my Brother's Death; but Womens Hearts and Tongues, you know, must always hold Alliance; you'd think us fond and forward, should not we now and then dissemble.

D. Du. How shall I forbear her? [4]

Elv. I grow impatient 'till he's wholly mine — to Morrow! 'tis an Age! I'll make him mine to Night — I'll write to him this Minute — Can you have Patience, Sir, 'till I prepare a Letter for you?

D. Du. You may command me, Madam.

Elv. I'll dispatch immediately — will you walk this Way, Sir?

D. Du. Madam, I wait on you — Revenge and Daggers! [Exit]

The SCENE Louisa's House.

Louisa and Jaques.

Lou. Is the Lady seiz'd?

Ja. Yes, Madam, and half dead with the Frigh

Lou. Let 'em be ready to produce her, as I directed. When the Stranger's taken, bring me immediate Notice; 'tis near his Time, away. [Exit Jaques]

Had he not lov'd another, methinks I could have born this Usage, sat down alone content, and found a secret Pleasure in complaining; but to be slighted for a Girl, a sickly, poor, unthinking Wretch, incapable of Love! that! that stabs home! 'Tis Poison to my Thoughts, and swells 'em to Revenge. My Rival! no! she shall never triumph! Hark! what Noise! they have him sure! but now!

Enter Jaques.

Ja. Madam, the Gentleman is taken.

Lou. Bring him in — Revenge, I thank thee now

The FOP's Fortune.

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Enter Bravoes with Carlos disarm'd.

Sir! you are return'd, it seems; you can love
You have an Heart, I find, tho' not for me!
Perhaps you came to seek a worthier Mistress here;
I could be uncharitable to disappoint your Love —
Help your Search: If she be here, be sure she's
—— Open that Door there.

*Enter more Bravoes with Angelina, an Hankerchief on
her Neck, which they hold ready to strangle her.*

Sir, is this the Lady?

Sir. My Angelina! O!

Ang. O miserable Meeting!

Now let me see you smile, and rudely throw
from your Arms! now scorn my Love, my Per-
son, and my Fortune! now let your squeamish Vir-
tue call me as a Disease to Modesty! and tell her now
the shameful Tale of my Intemperance!

O! Cruelty of Fate! that could betray such
a Innocence!

What, not a Word to soften yet thy obstinate
Fury! thou wretched Fool, thus to provoke thy
—— End her. *[To the Bravoes.]*

O! hold! for Pity hold, and hear me.

I've learn'd from you to use my Pity —
Death! I con'd laugh to see thy strange Stupidity
Love — on one Condition yet she lives an
——; but if refus'd —

Name not a Refusal, be it War or Danger, Death,
or Tortures, any Thing that Life can do to save her.

Nay, if you are so over-willing.

Speak, and I obey you.

Now then, this Moment kneel and curse her.
Preserve her, Heav'n, and snatch her from
the Jaws of gaping Danger. *(kneeling)* O! may the
merciful Eye of Providence, that never sleeps o'er
Innocence distress'd, look nearly to her; or if some
miracle alone can save her, the ever waking Sun,
his eternal Progress, never saw so fair an Object to
employ it on.

Presuming Fool! were I inclin'd to save her
*(which, by my Hopes of Peace, I do not
mean)*

mean) canst thou believe this insolent Concern
her to my Face, would not provoke my Vengeance

Car. Yet hold! forgive my Rashness, I was
blame indeed; but Passion has transported both
us; Love made me as heedless of her Safety, as
Revenge has you, ev'n of your neglected Soul.

Lou. What, dost thou think to preach me from
Purpose?

Car. That were too vain an Hope; tho' I
piteous Cause that might bespeak, without a Tongue
the Mercy of a human Heart: But if Revenge
can fate your Fury, at least misplace it not; mine
was th'Offence, be mine the Punishment; but spare
the innocent, that gentle Maid; she ne'er intended
yet a Thought against your Peace; I have deserved
your Anger, nay, and justly too; for, I confess
ought to have given you a milder Treatment; but
to atone the Crime, rip up my Breast, and in
Heart you'll read the unhappy Cause of my Neglect
and Rudeness.

Lou. How he disarms my Anger! But, must
Rival triumph then?

Ang. Charge me not with such abhorr'd Ingratu-
tude; be Witness, Heaven, I'll for ever serve
court you, and confess you my Preserver!

Car. For Pity, yet resolve, and force your Tem-
per to a Moment's Pause: Do not debase your ge-
nerous Revenge with Cruelty; that every common
Wretch can take; the savage Brutes can suck the
Fellow-Creatures Blood, and tear their Bodies down;
but greater human Souls have more of Pride to curb
and bow the stubborn Mind of what they hate
and such Revenge, the nobler far, I offer now
you; see at your Feet my humbled Scorn imploring
crush'd, and prostrate, like a vile Slave, that falls
below your last Contempt, and trembling begs
Mercy.

Lou. He buries my Revenge in Blushes.

Ang. O! generous Proof of the most faithful Love

Car. Think what a glorious Triumph it would
that when your swollen Resentment, wild Revenge
and Indignation, all stood ready, waiting for
Wo

or,

Concern'd, you call'd your forceful Reason to your Aid
 I'd, and took that tyrant Passion Caprivo to
 gentle Pity; O! 'twere such a God-like In-
 ce of your Virtue, as might atone, if possible,
 Crimes to come: Revenge, like this, can never
 you that continu'd Peace of Mind, which
 cy may: Compassion has a thousand secret
 arms: Think you 'twere no Delight of Thought,
 heal the Wounds of bleeding Lovers, to make
 poor afflicted Wretches happy, whose highest
 me is loving well and faithfully? Were it no
 thing Joy, no secret Pride, to raise 'em from the
 Despair, to Hope? to Life and Love restor'd?
 w, on my Heart, I read a struggling Pity in your
 O cherish it, and spare our Innocence! Per-
 the Story of our chaste Affections, once com-
 at, may live a fair Example to succeeding Times,
 which Posterity shall stand indebted to your
 due.

Now. Release the Lady — go. [Exit Bravoes.
 I now farewell my Follies, and my mistaken
 e; for I confess, the fair Example of your mu-
 Faith, your Tenderness, Humility, and Tears,
 quite subdu'd my Soul; at once have conquer'd,
 reform'd me: O! you have given me such an
 ge of the contentful Peace, th' unshaken Quiet
 an honest Mind, that now I taste more solid Joy,
 g but the Instrument of your united virtuous
 e, than all my late false Hopes propos'd, ev'n in
 last Indulgence of blind Desire: Now love long
 happily; forgive my Follies past, and you have
 paid me.

[Joins their Hands.

Mr. O! providential Care of Innocence distress'd!
 Mr. O! Miracle of rewarded Love!
 Mr. What shall I say? I scarce have yet the
 ver of Thought amidst this Hurry of transport-
 Joy! My *Angelina*? do I then live to hold thee
 O! I have a thousand Things to say, to ask,
 weep, and hear of thee — But first let's
 and pay our Thanks to Heaven, and this our
 Preserver; to whose most happy Change, we

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owe ev'n all of our Lives to come, which chearful Gratitude can pay.

Lou. Nay, now you give me a Confusion. [*Re-enters.*] But if you yet dare trust me with the Story of your Love's Distress, far as my Fortune can, I'll command it freely, to supply your present Want, and any future Means propos'd, to give you lasting Happiness.

Car. Eternal Rounds of never-ending Peace reward your wondrous Bounty; and when you know the Story of our Fortune, as we shall soon find an Occasion to relate it, we cannot doubt 'twill deserve your Pity and Assistance — But I have been too busy in my Joy, I almost had forgot my friendly Uncle, the ancient Gentleman that came hither with me; how have you disposed of him?

Lou. I think he's here, and safe — who was there?

Release the Gentleman above, and tell him that his Friends desire him. [*Enter Jaques.*]

You'll pardon, Sir, the Treatment I have shewn him; he made a little too merry with my Folly, which I confess, at that Time, something too far incens'd.

Car. He's old and cheerful, apt to be free; he'll be sorry where his Humour gives Offence.

Enter Don Lewis, Jaques bowing to him.

D. Lew. Prithee, honest Dumb, don't be so importunous! A Pox on thee, I tell thee it's very as it is, (only my Jaws ache a little:) But as we're all Friends, it's no great Matter — dear Charles! I must buss thee, Faith! — Madam, your humble Servant — I beg your Pardon, I see — you understand me. [*Exit Jaques.*]

Lou. I hope we are Friends, Sir.

D. Lew. I hope we are, Madam — I am an honest old Fellow, Faith; tho' now and then I am a little odd too.

Car. Here's a Stranger, Uncle.

D. Lew. What! my little Blossom! my Gillyflower! my Rose! my Pink! my Tulip! Faith, I must kiss thee [*Salutes Angelina.*] Od! she's a delicate

I must have her touz'd a little — Charles!
 must gather to Night; I can stay no longer —
 Faith! I am heartily joy'd to see thee, Child.
 I thank you, Sir, and wish I may deserve
 Love: Our Fortune once again is kind; but
 it comes about —
 Lew. Does not signify three Pence; when For-
 pays me a Visit, I seldom trouble my self to
 which Way she came — I tell you, I am
 to see you.

Enter Jaques.

Madam, here's the Lord Governor come to
 upon your Ladyship.
 At this late Hour! What can his Business be?
 his Lordship to walk in.

Enter Governor.

Pardon, Madam, this unseasonable Visit.
 Your Lordship does me Honour.
 At least, I hope, my Business will excuse it:
 Strangers here below, upon their offer'd Oaths,
 ended my Authority to search your House for a
 young Lady, to whom the one of 'em affirms
 self the Father: But the Respect I owe your
 hiy, made me refuse their Search, 'till I had
 with you.
 It must be they — Now, Madam, your
 tion, or we yet are lost.

Be not concern'd! Wou'd you avoid 'em?
 No, we must be found; let 'em have Entrance;
 we an honest Cause, and would provoke its

Conduct the Gentlemen without. [*Exit Jaques.*
 Lord, I'll answer for their Honesty; and, as
 are Strangers, where the Law's severe, must
 wou'd favour and assist 'em.

You may command me, Madam; tho' there's
 at Fear; for having heard the most that they
 urge against 'em, I found in their Complaints,
 spleen and Humour, than any just Appearance
 of Injury.

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Enter Don Manuel, Charino, Antonio, and Clo.

Cha. I'll have Justice.

Ant. Don't be too hot, Brother.

Cha. Sir, I demand Justice.

D. Ma. That's the Lady, Sir, I told you of.

Clo. Ah! that's she, my Lord, I am Witness.

Car. My Father! Sir, your Pardon, and your Blessing.

Ant. Why truly, Charles, I begin to be a little concil'd to the Matter: I wish you, tho' I can't join you together; for my Friend and Brother is very obstinate, and will admit of no Satisfaction. But however, Heaven bless you, in spite of your Teeth.

Cha. This is all Contrivance! Roguery! I am abus'd! I say, deliver my Daughter — she is my Heiress, Sir; and to detain her, is a Rape in Law, Sir, is Death, and the Devil, and I'll have you hang'd; therefore no more Delays, Sir; for I tell you before-hand, I am a wise Man, and 'tis impossible to trick me.

Ant. I say, you are too positive, Brother; when you learn more Wisdom, you'll have some.

Cha. I say, Brother, this is mere Malice, what you know in your own Conscience, I have said many Times your Understanding; for you see I'm quite of another Opinion. And so once more, my Lord, I demand Justice against that Ravisher.

Gov. Does your Daughter, Sir, complain of Violence?

Cha. Your Lordship knows young Girls never complain when the Violence is over; he has taught her better, I suppose.

Ang. to Charino kneeling. Sir, you are my Father, bred me, cherish'd me, gave me my Affections, taught me to keep 'em hitherto within the Bounds of Honour, and of Virtue; let me conjure you, by the chaste Love my Mother bore you, when she preferred to her mistaken Parents Choice, her being without a Dower, not to bestow my Person, when those Affections ne'er can follow — I cannot

or, Gentleman more than a Sister ought; but here
 and Claudio. Hear's subdu'd, ev'n to the last Compliance
 with my Fortune: He, Sir, has nobly wou'd, and
 on me; and I am only his, or miserable.

She. Get up again.

Gov. Come, Sir, be perswaded; your Daughter
 made an honourable and happy Choice; this Se-
 crecy will but expose your self and her.

She. My Lord, I don't want Advice; I'll consider
 with my self, and resolve upon my own Opinion.

Enter Jaques.

She. My Lord, here's a Stranger without, enquires
 for your Lordship, and for a Gentleman that calls
 himself Claudio.

She. Hay! Ah, mon cher Amy!

[Enter Don Duart disguis'd.

She. What News, my Dear, has she answer'd my
 query! Is she in?

D. Du. There, Sir — This to your Lordship.

[Gives him a Letter, and whispers.

Gov. Marry'd to Night, and to this Gentleman,
 art thou? I'm amaz'd.

D. Du. He is her Choice, my Lord.

She. reading the Letter. — Um — um — Charms
 irresistible — excuse — so soon — Passion — Flush-
 — Consent — Provision — Children — Settlement
 Marriage — If this is not plain, the Devil's in't
 hold, here's more, Faith — [Reads to himself.

D. Ma. How shall I requite this Goodness?

[To Louisa.

Gov. I owe you more than I have Leisure now to
 pay: Press me not too far, lest I should offer more
 than you are willing to receive. Favours, when
 withheld, sometimes grow tasteless; over-fast-
 ing often kills the Appetite.

D. Ma. The Appetite of Love, like mine, can
 never die; it would be ever tasting and unsated.

[They seem to talk apart.

Gov. 'Tis very sudden — but give my Service,
 and wait upon her.

She. Ha! ha! ha! Poor Soul! I'll be with her pre-
 sently; and Faith, since I have made my own For-
 tune,

tune, I'll e'en patch up my Brother's too. Ha! you, my dear Dad that shou'd ha' been — Business is all at an End — for, look you, I have your Daughter's engag'd; and, to tell you Truth, am I, Faith! If my Brother has a Mind to marry her, let him; for I shall not, split me — Now, Gentlemen and Ladies, if you will do me the Honour to grace mine and the Lady Elvira's Wedding, such homely Entertainment as my poor House affords, you shall be all heartily welcome to.

D. Lew. Thy House! ha! ha! well said, Puppy.

Clo. Hah! old Tefsy!

Cha. What dost thou mean, Man? [To Clodio]

Gov. 'Tis even so, I can assure you, Sir; I have my self an Invitation from the Lady's own Hand that confirms it: I know her Fortune well, and am surpriz'd at it.

Ang. Bless'd News! This seems a forward Step to reconcile us all.

Cha. If this be true, my Lord, I have been thinking to no Purpose; my Design is all broke to pieces.

Ant. Come, Brother, we'll mend it as well as we can; and since that young Rogue has rudely turn'd Tail upon your Daughter, I'll fill up the Blank with Charles's Name, and let the rest of the Settlement stand as it was.

Cha. Hold, I'll first see this Wedding, and then give you my final Resolution.

Clo. Come, Ladies, if you please, my Friend will shew you.

Lou. Sir, we wait upon you.

Cha. This Wedding's an odd Thing!

D. Lew. Ha! ha! if it should be a Lie now.

The SCENE changes to Elvira's Apartment.

Elvira alone, with Clodio's Letter in her Hand.

Elv. At how severe a Price do Women purchase an unsported Fame! when ev'n the justest Title can't assure Possession: When we reflect upon the insolent and daily Wrongs, which Men and Scoundrels throw upon our Actions, 'twere enough to make

mod

My Mind despair: If we are fair and chaste, we are proud; if free, we are wanton; cold, we are stingy; and if kind, forsaken: Nothing we do think on, be the Motive ne'er so just or generous, still the Malice, or the Guilt of Men, interprets our Shame: Why should this Stranger else, this wretched Stranger, whose forfeit Life I rashly sav'd, come, from that mistaken Charity, to tempt me to encourag'd Love?

[Enter a Servant.

What Musick's that?

[A Flourish.

Yes, Madam, the Gentlemen are come.

'Tis well; are the Officers ready?

Yes, Madam, and know your Ladyship's Order.

Conduct the Company. Now Justice shall load my Fame, and see my Brother's Death reveng'd.

Hautboys playing, Glodio singing, D. Duart, Governor, D. Manuel, Louisa, Carlos, Angelina, Antonio, Charino, and D. Lewis.

Well, Madam, you see I'm punctual — I've nick'd your Man, Faich; I'm always critical — to a Minute; you'll never stay for me. Ladies and Gentlemen, I desire you'll do me the Honour of being better acquainted here — My Lord —

Give you Joy, Madam.

Nay, Madam, I have brought you some near relations of my own too — This Don Antonio, who shortly have the Honour to call your Daughter.

The young Rogue has made a pretty Choice, Madam.

This Don Charino, who was very near having Honour of calling me Son; This my elder Brother — and this my noble Uncle, Don Choderick —

Lev. Puppy.

Peevish.

Madam, I wish you Joy with all my heart; but truly I can't much advise you to marry that Gentleman, because, in a Day or two, you'll find him extremely shocking; those that know him,

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him, generally give him the Title of *Don Diego Thickskull de Halswits*.

Clo. Well said Nuncle, ha, ha.

D. Du. Are you provided of a Priest, Sir?

Clo. Aye, aye, Pox on him, wou'd he were any other.

D. Du. So wou'd I, I want the Cue to act this Justice, on my Honour; yet I cannot read the Face in her Looks.

Gov. You have surpriz'd us, Madam, by this sudden Marriage.

Elv. I may yet surprize you more, my Lord.

D. Du. Sir, don't you think your Bride looks melancholy?

Clo. Aye, poor Fool! she's modest — but I have a Cure for that — Well, my Princess, why that demure Look now?

Elv. I was thinking, Sir —

Clo. I know what you think of — You don't think at all — You don't know what to think. You neither see, hear, I smell, nor taste. You han't the right Use of one of your Senses. In short, you have — Now, my Princess, do not I pick'd it? —

Elv. I am sorry, Sir, you know so little of yourself, or me —

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, the Priest is come.

Elv. Let him wait, we've no Occasion yet. Within there — seize him. — *Several Officers*

rush in, and seize Clodio, and bind him.

D. Du. Ha!

Gov. What can this mean?

Clo. Gads me! what is my Dear in her Favour already?

Elv. And now, my Lord, your Justice on a Murderer.

Gov. How! Madam!

Clo. That Bitch, my Fortune!

D. Du. Madam, upon my Knees, I beg you, don't carry the Jest too far, but if there be any real Proof of his having an Halter, let it know it in three Words.

I may be sure at once for ever, that no earthly
 but a Reprieve can save him. *[Apart to Ele.]*

Pray, Madam, who accuses him?

His own Confession, Sir.

Of Murther, say you, Madam?

The Murther of my Brother.

Where was this Confession made?

After the Fact was done, my Lord, this Man,

and by Justice, took Shelter here, and trembling,

ask'd of me for my Protection; he seem'd indeed a

poor wretch, and his Complaints so pitiful, that I, little

conscious of my Brother's Death, promis'd, by a rash

solemn Vow, I wou'd conceal him: Which Vow

heav'n can witness with what Distraction in my

thoughts I strictly kept, and paid; but he, alas!

making this my hospitable Charitee, for the Effects

of most vile preposterous Love, proceeds upon his

word, and in this Letter here, addresses me for Mar-

riage; which, I once having paid my Vow, and

being in such prevailing Terms, upon his Folly, we

have, unprotected, drawn him into the Hands

of Justice.

D. Du. She is innocent, and well has disappointed

your Revenge. *[Aside.]*

D. Lew. So, now I am a little easy — the Puppy

shall be hang'd.

Car. Give me Leave, Madam, to ask you yet some

other Questions.

Clo. Aye — I shall be hang'd, I believe.

Char. Nay then, 'tis Time to take Care of my

daughter; for I am now convinc'd, that my Friend

is dispos'd of — and so, without Compliment,

you see, Children — Heav'n bless you together.

[Joins Car. and Ang. Hands.]

Car. This, Sir, is a Time unfit to thank you as we

ought.

Ant. Well, Brother, I thank you, however; Charles

an honest Lad, and will deserve her; but poor Clod's

Fortune I cou'd never have suspected.

D. Lew. Why, you wou'd be positive, tho' you know,

rather, I always told you, *Dismal* wou'd be hang'd,

must plague him a little, because the Dog has been

pert

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perst with me — *Clo.* how dost thou do? why, you are fy'd!

Clo. I hate this old Fellow, split me.

D. Lew. Thou hast really made a damn'd Blunder here, Child, to invite so many People to a Marriage Knor, and instead of that, it's like to be one under the left Ear.

Clo. I'd fain have him die.

D. Lew. Well, my Dear, I'll provide for thy going off, however; let me see! you'll only have Occasion for a Nosegay, a Pair of white Gloves, and a Coffin. Look you, take you no Care about the Surgeons, you shall not be anatomiz'd — I'll get the Body off with a wet Finger, — Tho' methinks I'd fain see the sale of the Puppy too.

Clo. O! not him, I can't bear this.

D. Lew. Well, I won't trouble thee no more now Child, if I am not engag'd, I don't know, but I may come to the Tree, and sing a Stave or two with thee — Nay, I'll rise on Purpose — tho' you will hardly suffer before twelve a Clock neither — ye just about twelve — about twelve you'll be turn'd off.

Clo. O! curse and consume him.

Gov. I am convinc'd, Madam, the Fact appears too plain.

D. Lew. Yes, yes, he'll suffer

Gov. What says the Gentleman; do you confess the Fact, Sir?

Clo. Will it do me any Good, my Lord?

Gov. Perhaps it may, if you can prove it was not done in Malice.

Clo. Why then, to confess the Truth, my Lord, I did pink him, and I am sorry for't; but it was none of my Fault, split me.

Ely. Now, my Lord, your Justice.

D. Du. Hold, Madam, that remains in me to give For know, your Brother lives, and happy in the Proof of such a Sister's Virtue.

Ely. My Brother! O! let my Wonder speak my Joy.

Clo. Hay! [Glodio and his Friends seem surpris'd]

Gov. Don Duane! living and well! how came this strange Recovery?

Du. My Body's Health, the Surgeon has restor'd:
here's the true Physician of my Minds: The hot
temper'd Blood, which lately render'd me offensive
to mankind, his just resenting Sword let forth, which
gave me Leisure to reflect upon my Follies past, and
Reflection, to reform.

Elv. This is indeed an happy Change.

Gov. Release the Gentleman.

Lo. Here *Testy*, prithee do so much as untie this a
knot.

Lew. Why, so I will, Sirrah, I find thou hast done
a meddling Thing, and I don't know whether it's
worth my While to be shock'd at thee any longer.

Elv. I ask your Pardon for the Wrong I have done
you, Sir, and blush to think how much I owe you for
another thus restor'd.

Lo. Madam, your very humble Servant, 'it's
thy well as it is.

D. Du. We are indeed his Debtors both; and Sister,
there's but one Way now of being grateful: For my
part, give him such Returns of Love as he may yet
think fit to ask, or you with Modesty can answer.

Lo. Sir, I thank you, and when you don't think it
pudence in me to wish my self well with your Sister,
I will beg Leave to make Use of your Friendship.

D. Du. This Modesty commends you, Sir.

Ant. Sir, you have propos'd like a Man of Honour;
if the Lady can but like of it, she shall find those
among us, that will make him up a Fortune to de-
serve her.

Car. I wish my Brother well, and as I once offer'd
him to divide my Birth-right, I'm ready still to put
my Words into Performance.

D. Lew. Nay then, since I find the Rogue's no lon-
ger like to be an Enemy to *Charles*, as far as a few
pence go, I'll be his Friend too.

D. Du. Sister!

Elv. This is no Trifle, Brother; allow me a conve-
nient Time to think, and if the Gentleman continues
deserve your Friendship, he shall not much com-
plain I am his Enemy.

D. Lew.

D. Du.

D. Lew. So! now it will be a Wedding Faith.

D. Ma. And if this kind Example cou'd prevail you —

Lou. If it cou'd not, your Merit has sufficient Power: From this Moment, I am yours for ever.

D. Ma. Which Way shall I be grateful?

C'o. Nay then, strike up again Boys — and the Lady's Leave, I'll make bold to lead 'em a Dance à la Modé D' Ang'eterre. [They dance]

D. Lew. So! so! bravely done of all Sides; now, Charles, we'll e'en toast our Noses on chirping Bottle, and laugh at our past Fortune.

Car. Come, my Angels!

Our Bark, at length, has found a quiet Harbour, And the distressful Voyage of our Loves, Ends not alone in Safety, but Reward.

Now we unlade our Freight of Happiness, Of which, from thee alone, my Share's deriv'd:

For all my former Search in deep Philosophy, Not knowing thee, was a mere Dream of Life:

But Love, in one soft Moment, taught me more

Than all the Volumes of the Learn'd cou'd reach:

Gave me the Proof when Nature's Birth began,

To what great End th' ETERNAL form'd a Man

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